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THE HISTORY OF POMPEY THE LITTLE;

OR, THE

LIFE AND ADVENTURES OF A LAP-DOG.

BY MR. COVENTRY.

——GRESSUMQUE CANES COMITANTUR HERILEM.
VIRG. ÆN.

——MUTATO NOMINE DE TE
FABULA NARRATUR. HOR.

LONDON:
Printed for HARRISON and Co. No. 18, Paternoster-Row.
M DCC LXXXV.

TO

HENRY FIELDING, ESQ.

SIR,

MY deſign being to ſpeak a word or two in behalf of novel-writing, I know not to whom I can addreſs myſelf with ſo much propriety as to yourſelf, who unqueſtionably ſtand foremoſt in this ſpecies of compoſition.

To convey inſtruction in a pleaſant manner, and mix entertainment with it, is certainly a commendable undertaking, perhaps more likely to be attended with ſucceſs than graver precepts; and even where amuſement is the chief thing conſulted, there is ſome little merit in making people laugh, when it is done without giving offence to religion, or virtue, or good manners. If the laugh be not raiſed at the expence of innocence or decency, good-humour bids us indulge it, and we cannot well laugh too often.

Can one help wondering, therefore, at the contempt with which many people affect to talk of this ſort of compoſition? They ſeem to think it degrades the dignity of their underſtandings, to be found with a novel in their hands, and take great pains to let you know that they never read them. They are people of too great importance, it ſeems, to miſ-ſpend their time in ſo idle a manner, and much too wiſe to be amuſed.

Now, though many reaſons may be given for this ridiculous and affected diſdain, I believe a very principal one, is the pride and pedantry of learned men, who are willing to monopolize reading to themſelves, and therefore faſtidiouſly decry all books that are on a level with common underſtandings, as empty, trifling, and impertinent.

Thus the grave metaphyſician, for example, who after working night and day perhaps for ſeveral years, ſends forth at laſt a profound treatiſe, where *A.* and *B.* ſeem to contain ſome very deep myſterious meaning; grows indignant to think that every little paltry ſcribbler, who paints only the characters of the age, the manners of the times, and the working of the paſſions, ſhould preſume to equal him in glory.

The politician, too, who ſhakes his head in coffee-houſes, and produces now and then, from his fund of obſervations, a grave, ſober, political pamphlet on the good of the nation; looks down with contempt on all ſuch idle compoſitions, as lives and romances, which contain no ſtrokes of ſatire at the miniſtry, no unmannerly reflections upon Hanover, nor any thing concerning the balance of power on the continent. Theſe gentlemen and their readers join all to a man in depreciating works of humour: or, if they ever vouchſafe to ſpeak in their praiſe,

the commendation never riſes higher than—'Yes, 'tis well enough for 'ſuch a ſort of a thing;' after which the grave obſervator retires to his newſpaper, and there, according to the general eſtimation, employs his time 'to the beſt advantage.'

But beſides theſe, there is another ſet, who never read any modern books at all. They, wiſe men, are ſo deep in the learned languages, that they can pay no regard to what has been publiſhed within theſe laſt thouſand years. The world is grown old; men's geniuſes are degenerated; the writers of this age are too contemptible for their notice, and they have no hopes of any better to ſucceed them. Yet theſe gentlemen of profound erudition will contentedly read any traſh that is diſguiſed in a learned language, and the worſt ribaldry of Ariſtophanes ſhall be critiqued and commented on by men who turn up their noſes at Gulliver or Joſeph Andrews.

But if this contempt for books of amuſement be carried a little too far, as I ſuſpect it is, even among men of ſcience and learning, what ſhall be ſaid to ſome of the greateſt triflers of the times, who affect to talk the ſame language? Theſe, ſurely, have no right to expreſs any diſdain of what is at leaſt equal to their underſtandings. Scholars and men of learning have a reaſon to give; their application to ſevere ſtudies may have deſtroyed their reliſh for works of a lighter caſt, and conſequently it cannot be expected that they ſhould approve what they do not underſtand. But as for beaux, rakes, petit-maitres, and fine ladies, whoſe lives are ſpent in doing the things which novels record, I do not ſee why they ſhould be indulged in affecting a contempt of them. People whoſe moſt earneſt buſineſs is to dreſs and play at cards are not ſo importantly employed but that they may find leiſure now and then to read a novel. Yet theſe are as forward as any to deſpiſe them; and I once heard a very fine lady condemning ſome highly-finiſhed converſations in one of your works, Sir, for this curious reaſon—'Becauſe,' ſaid ſhe, 'it is ſuch ſort of ſtuff as paſſes every day between me and my 'own maid.'

I do not pretend to apply any thing here ſaid in behalf of books of amuſement to the following little work, of which I aſk your patronage: I am ſenſible how very imperfect it is in all it's parts, and how unworthy to be ranked in that claſs of writings which I am now defending. But I deſire to be underſtood in general, or more particularly with an eye to your works, which I take to be maſter-pieces and compleat models in their kind. They are, I think, worthy the attention of the greateſt and wiſeſt men; and if any body is aſhamed of reading them, or can read them without entertainment or inſtruction, I heartily pity their underſtandings.

The late editor of Mr. Pope's works, in a very ingenious note, wherein he traces the progreſs of romance-writing, juſtly obſerves, that this ſpecies of compoſition is now brought to maturity by Mr. De Marivaux in France, and Mr. Fielding in England.

I have but one objection to make to this remark, which is, that the name of Mr. De Marivaux ſtands foremoſt of the two: a ſuperiority I can by no means allow him. Mr. Marivaux is indeed a very amiable, elegant,

elegant, witty, and penetrating writer. The reflections he ſcatters up and down his Marianne are highly judicious, rechercheés, and infinitely agreeable. But, not to mention that he never finiſhes his works, which greatly diſappoints his readers, I think his characters fall infinitely ſhort of thoſe we find in the performances of his Engliſh cotemporary. They are neither ſo original, ſo ludicrous, ſo well diſtinguiſhed, nor ſo happily contraſted, as your own; and, as the characters of a novel principally determine it's merit, I muſt be allowed to eſteem my countryman the greater author.

There is another celebrated novel-writer, of the ſame kingdom, now living, who, in the choice and diverſity of his characters, perhaps exceeds his rival Mr. Marivaux, and would deſerve greater commendation, if the extreme libertiniſm of his plans, and too wanton drawings of nature, did not take off from the other merit of his works; though, at the ſame time, it muſt be confeſſed, that his genius, and knowledge of mankind, are very extenſive. But with all due reſpect for the parts of theſe two able Frenchmen, I will venture to ſay they have their ſuperior; and whoever has read the works of Mr. Fielding cannot be at a loſs to determine who that ſuperior is. Few books of this kind have ever been written with a ſpirit equal to Joſeph Andrews; and no ſtory that I know of, was ever invented with more happineſs, or conducted with more art and management, than that of Tom Jones.

As to the following little piece, Sir, it pretends to a very ſmall degree of merit. It is the firſt eſſay of a young author, and perhaps may be the laſt. A very haſty and unfiniſhed edition of it was publiſhed laſt winter; which meeting with a more favourable reception than it's writer had any reaſon to expect, he has ſince been tempted to reviſe and improve it, in hopes of rendering it a little more worthy of his readers regard. With theſe alterations he now begs leave, Sir, to deſire your acceptance of it; he can hardly hope for your approbation: but, whatever be it's fate, he is proud in this publick manner to declare himſelf

Your conſtant Reader,

And ſincere Admirer.

THE

THE HISTORY OF POMPEY THE LITTLE.

BOOK THE FIRST.

CHAP. I.

A PANEGYRICK UPON DOGS, TOGETHER WITH SOME OBSERVATIONS ON MODERN NOVELS AND ROMANCES.

VARIOUS and wonderful, in all ages, have been the actions of dogs; and were I to collect, from poets and hiſtorians, the many paſſages that make honourable mention of them, I ſhould compoſe a work much too large and voluminous for the patience of any modern reader. But as the politicians of the age, and men of gravity, may be apt to cenſure me for miſpending my time in writing the adventures of a lap-dog, when there are ſo many MODERN HEROES, whoſe illuſtrious actions call loudly for the pen of an hiſtorian; it will not be amiſs to detain the reader, in the entrance of this work, with a ſhort panegyrick on the CANINE RACE, to juſtify my undertaking.

And can we, without the baſeſt ingratitude, think ill of an animal that has ever honoured mankind with his company and friendſhip, from the beginning of the world to the preſent moment? While all other creatures are in a ſtate of enmity with us; ſome flying into woods and wilderneſſes to eſcape our tyranny, and others requiring to be reſtrained with bridles and fences in cloſe confinement; dogs alone enter into voluntary friendſhip with us, and of their own accord make their reſidence among us.

Nor do they trouble us only with officious fidelity, and uſeleſs good-will, but take care to earn their livelihood by many meritorious ſervices: they guard our houſes, ſupply our tables with proviſion, amuſe our leiſure hours, and diſcover plots to the government. Nay, I have heard of a dog's making a ſyllogiſm; which cannot fail to endear him to our two famous univerſities, where his brother-logicians are ſo honoured and diſtinguiſhed for their ſkill in that USEFUL ſcience.

After theſe extraordinary inſtances of ſagacity and merit, it may be thought too ludicrous, perhaps, to mention the capacity they have often diſcovered for playing at cards, fiddling, dancing, and other polite accompliſhments; yet I cannot help relating a little ſtory, which formerly happened at the play-houſe in Lincoln's Inn Fields.

There was, at that time, the ſame emulation between the two houſes, as there is at preſent between the two great republicks of Drury Lane and Covent Garden; each of them ſtriving to amuſe the town with various feats of activity, when they began to be tired of ſenſe, wit, and action. At length, the managers of the houſe of Lincoln's Inn Fields, poſſeſſed with a happy turn of thought, introduced a dance of dogs, who were dreſſed in French

French characters, to make the repreſentation more ridiculous, and acquitted themſelves, for ſeveral evenings, to the univerſal delight and improvement of the town. But one unfortunate night, a malicious wag behind the ſcenes threw down among them the leg of a fowl, which he had brought thither in his pocket for that purpoſe. Inſtantly all was in confuſion; the marquis ſhook off his peruke, mademoiſelle dropped her hoop-petticoat, the fiddler threw away his violin, and all fell to ſcrambling for the prize that was thrown among them. But let us return to graver matter.

If we look back into ancient hiſtory, we ſhall find the wiſeſt and moſt celebrated nations of antiquity, as it were contending with one another, which ſhould pay the greateſt honour to dogs. The old aſtronomers denominated ſtars after their name; and the Egyptians in particular, a ſapient and venerable people, worſhipped a dog among the principal of their divinities. The poets repreſent Diana as ſpending great part of her life among a pack of hounds, which I mention for the honour of the country gentlemen of Great Britain; and we know that the illuſtrious Theſeus dedicated much of his time to the ſame companions.

Julius Pollux informs us, that the art of dyeing purple and ſcarlet cloth was firſt found out by Hercules's dog; who, roving along the ſea-coaſt, and accidentally eating of the fiſh Murex, or Purpura, his lips became tinged with that colour; from whence the hint was firſt taken of the purple manufacture, and to this lucky event our fine gentlemen of the army are indebted for the ſcarlet with which they ſubdue the hearts of ſo many fair ladies.

But nothing can give us a more exalted idea of theſe illuſtrious animals, than to conſider, that formerly, in old Greece, they founded a ſect of philoſophy; the members whereof took the name of Cynicks, and were gloriouſly ambitious of aſſimilating themſelves to the manners and behaviour of that animal, from whom they derived their title.

And that the ladies of Greece had as great fondneſs for them as the fair-ones of our own iſle, may be collected from the ſtory which Lucian relates of a certain philoſopher, who, in the exceſs of his complaiſance to a woman of faſhion, took up her FAVOURITE LAP-DOG one day, attempting to careſs and kiſs it; but the little creature, not being uſed to the rude gripe of philoſophick hands, found his loins affected in ſuch a manner, that he was obliged to water the ſage's beard, as he held him to his mouth; which ſo diſcompoſed that principal, if not only, ſeat of his wiſdom, as excited laughter in all the beholders.

Such was the reverence paid to them among the nations of antiquity; and if we deſcend to later times, neither there ſhall we want examples of great men's devoting themſelves to dogs. King Charles the Second, of pious and immortal memory, came always to his council-board accompanied with a favourite ſpaniel; who propagated his breed, and SCATTERED HIS IMAGE THROUGH THE LAND, almoſt as extenſively as his royal maſter. His ſucceſſor, King James, of pious and immortal memory likewiſe, was diſtinguiſhed for the ſame attachment to theſe four-footed worthies; and it is reported of him, that being once in a dangerous ſtorm at ſea, and obliged to quit the ſhip for his life, he roared aloud with a moſt vehement voice, as his principal concern, to 'ſave the dogs and Colo-'nel Churchill.' But why need we multiply examples? The greateſt heroes and beauties have not been aſhamed to erect monuments to them in their gardens, nor the greateſt wits and poets to write their epitaphs. Biſhops have entruſted them with their ſecrets, and prime-miniſters deigned to receive information from them when conſpiracies were hatching againſt the government. Iſlands likewiſe, as well as ſtars, have been called after their names: ſo that I hope no one will dare to think me idly employed in compoſing the following work; or if any ſuch critick ſhould be found, let him own himſelf ignorant of ancient and modern hiſtory, let him confeſs himſelf an enemy to his country, and ungrateful to the benefactors of Great Britain.

And as no exception can reaſonably be taken againſt the dignity of my hero, much leſs can I expect any will ariſe againſt the nature of this work, in this life-writing age eſpecially, when no character is thought too inconſiderable to engage the publick notice, or too abandoned to be ſet up as a pattern of imitation. The loweſt and moſt contemptible vagrants, pariſh-girls, chambermaids, pickpockets, and highwaymen, find hiſtorians to record their praiſes, and readers to wonder at their exploits. Star-gazers,

ſuperannuated

ſuperannuated ſtrumpets, quarrelling lovers, all think themſelves authorized to appeal to the publick, and to write apologies for their lives. Even the priſons and ſtews are ranſacked to find materials for novels and romances. Thus we have ſeen the memoirs of a lady of pleaſure, and the memoirs of a lady of quality, both written with the ſame publick-ſpirited aim of initiating the unexperienced part of the female ſex into the hidden myſteries of love; only that the former work has rather a greater air of chaſtity, if poſſible, than the latter. And I am told, that illuſtrious mimick Mr. F——t, when all other expedients fail him, deſigns, as the laſt effort of his wit, to oblige the world with an accurate hiſtory of his own life; with which view one may ſuppoſe he takes care to chequer it with ſo many extraordinary occurrences, and ſelects ſuch adventures, as will beſt ſerve hereafter to amaze and aſtoniſh his readers.

This, then, being the caſe, I hope the very ſuperiority of the character here treated of above the heroes of common romances, will procure it a favourable reception; although, perhaps, I may fall ſhort of my great contemporaries in the elegance of ſtyle, and graces of language. For when ſuch multitudes of lives are daily offered to the publick, written BY the SADDEST DOGS, or OF the SADDEST DOGS, of the times, it may be conſidered as ſome little merit to have choſen a ſubject worthy the dignity of hiſtory; in which ſingle view I may be allowed to paragon myſelf with the incomparable writer of the life of Cicero, in that I have deſerted the beaten track of biographers, and ventured to ſnatch a laurel,

'Unde prius nulli velarunt tempora muſæ.'

Having detained the reader with this little neceſſary introduction, I now proceed to open the birth and parentage of my Hero.

CHAP. II.

THE BIRTH, PARENTAGE, EDUCATION, AND TRAVELS, OF A LAP-DOG.

POMPEY, the ſon of Julio and Phyllis, was born A. D. 1735, at Bologna in Italy, a place famous for lap-dogs and ſauſages. Both his parents were of the moſt illuſtrious families, deſcended from a long train of anceſtors, who had figured in many parts of Europe, and lived in intimacy with the greateſt men of the times. They had frequented the chambers of the proudeſt beauties, and had acceſs to the cloſets of the greateſt princes. Cardinals, kings, popes, emperors, were all happy in their acquaintance; and I am told the elder branch of the family now lives with his preſent holineſs, in the papal palace at Rome.

But Julio, the father of my hero, being a younger brother of a numerous family, fell to the ſhare of an Italian nobleman at Bologna, who was about this time engaged in an intrigue with a celebrated courtezan of the place. And little Julio often attending him when he made his viſits to her, as it is the nature of all ſervants to imitate the vices of their maſters, he alſo commenced an affair of gallantry with a favourite little bitch named Phyllis, at that time the darling of this FILLE DE JOYE. For a long while ſhe rejected his courtſhip with diſdain, and received him with that coyneſs which beauties of her ſex know very well how to counterfeit; but at length, in a little cloſet devoted to Venus, the happy lover accompliſhed his deſires, and Phyllis ſoon gave ſigns of pregnancy.

I have not been able to learn whether my hero was introduced into the world with any prodigies preceding his birth; and though the practice of moſt hiſtorians might authorize me to invent them, I think it moſt ingenuous to confeſs, as well as moſt probable to conclude, that nature did not put herſelf to any miraculous expence on this occaſion. Miracles are unqueſtionably ceaſed in this century, whatever they might be in ſome former ones: there needs no Dr. Middleton to convince us of this; and I ſcarce think Dr. Chapman himſelf would have the hardineſs to ſupport me, if I ſhould venture to relate one in the preſent age.

Be it ſufficient then to ſay, that on the twenty-fifth of May, N. S. 1735, Pompey made his firſt appearance in the world at Bologna; on which day, as far as I can learn, the ſun ſhone juſt as uſual, and nature wore exactly the ſame aſpect as upon any other day in the year.

About this time an Engliſh gentleman, who was making the tour of Europe, to enrich himſelf in foreign man-

ners and foreign cloaths, happened to be reſiding at Bologna. And as one great end of modern travelling is the pleaſure of intriguing with women of all nations and languages, he was introduced to viſit the lady above-mentioned, who was at that time the faſhionable and foremoſt courtezan of the place. Little Pompey having now opened his eyes, and learned the uſe of his legs, was admitted to frolick about the room, as his miſtreſs ſat at her toilette, or preſided at her tea-table. On theſe occaſions her gallants never failed to play with him; and many pretty dialogues often aroſe concerning him, which might, perhaps, make a figure in a modern comedy. Every one had ſomething to ſay to the little favourite, who ſeemed proud to be taken notice of; and, by many ſignificant geſtures, would often make believe he underſtood the compliments that were paid him.

But nobody diſtinguiſhed himſelf more on this ſubject than our Engliſh Hillario, who had now made a conſiderable progreſs in the affections of his miſtreſs: for partly the recommendation of his perſon, but chiefly the profuſion of his expences, made her think him a very deſireable lover; and as ſhe ſaw that his ruling paſſion was vanity, ſhe was too good a diſſembler, and too much a miſtreſs of her trade, not to flatter this weakneſs for her own ends. This ſo elated the ſpirits of Hillario, that he ſurveyed himſelf every day with increaſe of pleaſure at his glaſs, and took a pride, on all occaſions, to ſhew how much he was diſtinguiſhed, as he thought, above any of her ancient admirers. Reſolving, therefore, to out-do them all as much in magnificence, as he imagined he did in the ſucceſs of his love, he was continually making her the moſt coſtly preſents; and, among other things, preſented maſter Pompey with a collar ſtudded with diamonds. This ſo tickled the little animal's vanity, being the firſt ornament he had ever worn, that he would eat biſcuit from Hillario's hands with twice the pleaſure with which he received it from any other perſon's; while Hillario made him the occaſion of conveying indirect compliments to his miſtreſs. Sometimes he would ſwear, he believed it was in her power to impart beauty to her very dogs; and when ſhe ſmiled at the ſtaleneſs of the conceit, he, imagining her charmed with his wit, would grow tranſported with gaiety, and practiſe all the faſhionable airs that cuſtom preſcribes to an intrigue.

But the time came, at length, that this gay gentleman was to quit this ſcene of his pleaſures, and go in queſt of adventures in ſome other part of Italy. Nothing delayed him but the fear of breaking his miſtreſs's heart, which his own great love of himſelf, joined with the ſeeming love ſhe expreſſed for him, made him think a very likely conſequence: the point, therefore, was to reveal his intentions to her in the moſt tender manner, and reconcile her to this terrible event as well as he could. They had been dining together one day in her apartments; and Hillario, after dinner, firſt inſpiring himſelf with a glaſs of Tokay, began to curſe his ſtars for obliging him to leave Bologna, where he had been ſo divinely happy; but he ſaid, he had received news of his father's death, and was obliged to go to ſettle CURSED ACCOUNTS with his mother and ſiſters, who were in a hurry for their CONFOUNDED FORTUNES; and, after many other flouriſhes, concluded his rhapſody with requeſting to take little Pompey with him as a memorial of their love. The lady received this news with all the artificial aſtoniſhment and counterfeited ſorrow that ladies of her profeſſion can aſſume whenever they pleaſe: in ſhort, ſhe played the farce of paſſions ſo well, that Hillario thought her very life depended on his preſence. She wept, entreated, threatened, ſwore, but all to no purpoſe: at length, ſhe was obliged to ſubmit, on condition that Hillario ſhould give her a gold watch in exchange for her favourite dog; which he conſented to without any heſitation.

The day was now fixed for his departure; and having ordered his poſt-chaiſe to wait at her door, he went in the morning to take his laſt farewel. He found her at her tea-table ready to receive him, and little Pompey ſitting innocently on the ſettee by his miſtreſs's ſide, not once ſuſpecting what was about to happen to him, and far from thinking himſelf on the point of ſo long a journey: for neither dogs nor men can look into futurity, or penetrate the deſigns of Fate. Nay, I have been told, that he ate his breakfaſt that morning with more than uſual tranquillity; and though his miſtreſs continued to careſs him, and lament his departure, he neither underſtood the meaning

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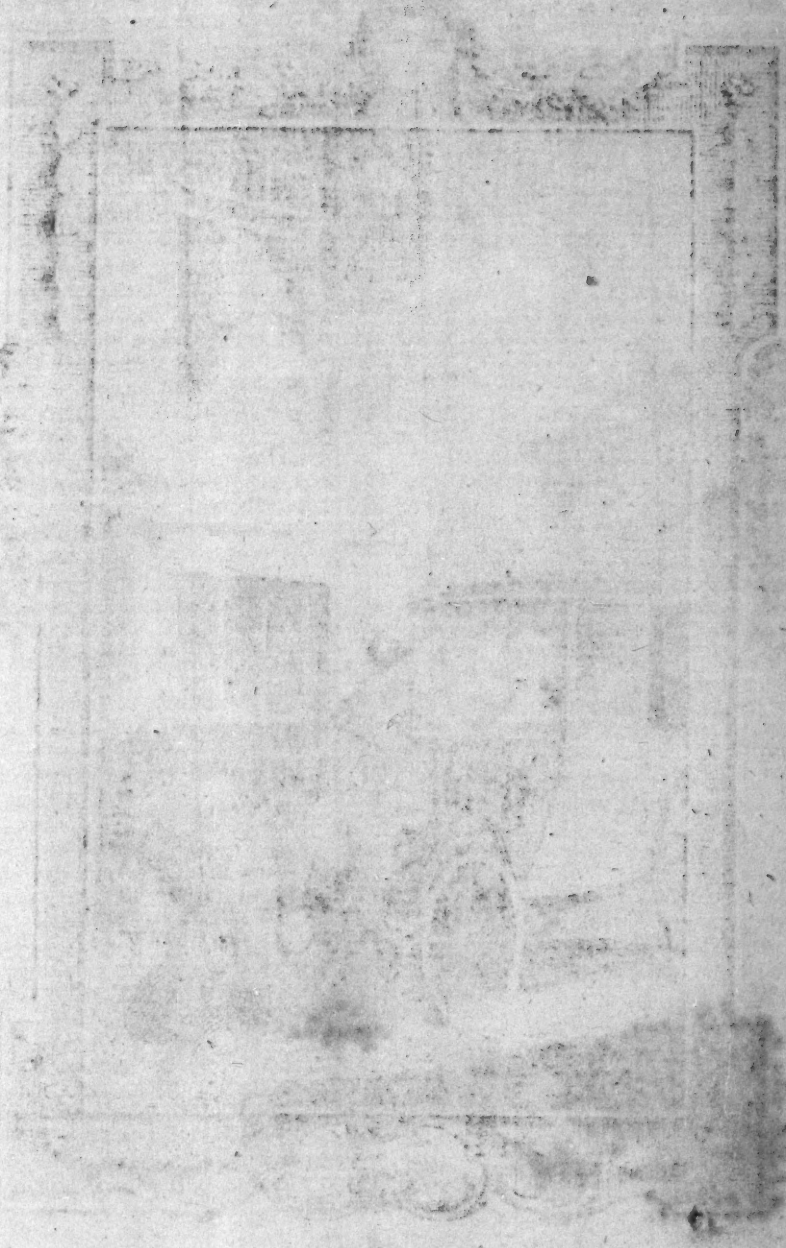

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Plate I

Published as the Act directs, by Harrison & Co. Aug. 7. 1785.

ing of her kiſſes, nor greatly returned her affection. At length, the accompliſhed Hillario taking out his watch, and curſing time for intruding on his pleaſures, ſignified he muſt be gone that moment. Raviſhing therefore an hundred kiſſes from his miſtreſs, and taking up little Pompey in his arms, he went off humming an Italian tune, and, with an air of affected concern, threw himſelf careleſsly into his chaiſe; from whence looking up with a melancholy ſhrug to her window, and ſhewing the little favourite to his forſaken miſtreſs, he was interrupted by the voice of the poſtilion, deſiring to be informed of the route he was to take; which little particular this well-bred gentleman had in his hurry forgot, as thinking it, perhaps, of no great conſequence. But now curſing the fellow for not knowing his mind without putting him to the trouble of explaining it—'Damn you,' cries he, 'drive to the devil if you will, for I ſhall 'never be happy again as long as I 'breathe!' Recollecting himſelf, however, upon ſecond thoughts, and thinking it as well to defer that journey to ſome future opportunity, he gave his orders for ——; and then looking up again at the window, and bowing, the poſt-chaiſe hurried away, while his charmer ſtood laughing and mimicking his geſtures.

As her affection for him was wholly built on intereſt, of courſe it ended the very moment ſhe loſt ſight of his chaiſe; and we may conclude his for her had not a much longer continuance: for, notwithſtanding the proteſtations he made of keeping her dog for ever in remembrance of her, little Pompey had like to have been left behind in the very firſt day's ſtage. Hillario, after dinner, had repoſed himſelf to ſleep on a couch in the inn; from whence being awaked with information that his chaiſe was ready, and waited his pleaſure at the door, he ſtarted up, diſcharged his bill, and was proceeding on his journey, without once beſtowing a thought on the neglected favourite. His ſervant, however, being more conſiderate, brought him, and delivered him at the chaiſe-door to his maſter; who cried indolently—'Begad, 'that's well thought on!' called him a little devil for giving ſo much trouble; and then drove away with the utmoſt unconcernedneſs. This I mention to ſhew how very ſhort-lived are the affections of proteſting lovers.

CHAP. III.

OUR HERO ARRIVES IN ENGLAND—A CONVERSATION BETWEEN TWO LADIES CONCERNING HIS MASTER.

BUT as it is not my deſign to follow this gentleman through his tour, we muſt be contented to paſs over great part of the puppyhood of little Pompey, till the time of his arrival at London; only it may be of importance to remember, that, in his paſſage from Calais to Dover, he was extremely ſea-ſick, and twice given over by a phyſician on board; but ſome medicinal applications, together with a week's confinement in his chamber, after he came to town, reſtored him to his perfect health.

Hillario was no ſooner landed, than he diſpatched his French valet to London, with orders to provide him handſome lodgings in Pall Mall, or ſome other great ſtreet near the court; and himſelf ſet forwards the next day with his whole retinue. Let us therefore imagine him arrived and ſettled in his new apartments; let us ſuppoſe the news-writers to have performed their duty, and all the important world of dreſs buſy, as uſual, in reporting from one to another, that Hillario was returned from his travels.

As ſoon as his cheſts and baggage were arrived in town, his ſervants were all employed in ſetting forth to view, in his anti-chamber, the ſeveral valuable curioſities he had collected; that his viſitors might be detained, as they paſſed through it, in making obſervations on the elegance of his taſte. For, though dreſs and gallantry were his principal ambition, he had condeſcended, in compliance with the humour of the times, to conſult the Ciceroni at Rome, and other places, as to what was proper to be purchaſed, in order to eſtabliſh a reputation for Vertu: and they had furniſhed him accordingly, at a proportionable expence, with all the neceſſary ingredients of modern taſte; that is to ſay, with fingers and toes of ancient ſtatues, medals bearing the name of Roman emperors on their inſcriptions, and copied original pictures of all the great maſters and ſchools of Italy. They had likewiſe

taught him a ſet of phraſes and obſervations proper to be made, whenever the converſation ſhould turn upon ſuch ſubjects; which, by the help of a good memory, he uſed with tolerable propriety: he could deſcant, in terms of art, on ruſts and varniſhes; and deſcribe the air, the manner, the characteriſtick of different painters, in language almoſt as learned as the ingenious writer of a late eſſay. Here, he would obſerve, the drawing is incorrect; there the attitude ungraceful; the coſtume ill-preſerved, the contours harſh, the ordonnance irregular, the light too ſtrong, the ſhade too deep; with many other affected remarks, which may be found in a very grave ſententious book of morality.

But dreſs, as we before obſerved, was his darling vanity; and, conſequently, his rooms were more plentifully ſcattered with cloaths than any other curioſity: there all the pride of Paris was exhibited to view; ſuits of velvet and embroidery, ſword-hilts, red-heeled ſhoes, and ſnuff-boxes, lay about in negligent confuſion. Nor did he appear with leſs eclat without doors; for he had now ſhewn his gilt-chariot and bay horſes in all the ſtreets of gay reſort, and was allowed to have the moſt ſplendid, brilliant equipage in London. The club at White's ſoon voted him a member of their fraternity; and there began a kind of rivalry among the ladies of faſhion, who ſhould firſt engage him to their aſſemblies. At all toilettes and parties in the morning, who but Hillario? At all drums and diverſions in the evening, who but Hillario? Nobody came into the ſide-box at a play-houſe with ſo graceful a negligence; and it was on all hands confeſſed, that he had the moſt accompliſhed way of talking nonſenſe of any man of quality in London.

As the faſhionable part of the world are glad of any freſh topick of converſation that will not much fatigue their underſtandings; and the arrival of a new fop, the ſight of a new chariot, or the appearance of a new faſhion, are all articles of the higheſt importance to them; it could not be otherwiſe, but that the ſhew and figure which Hillario made muſt ſupply all the polite circles with matter for commendation or cenſure. As a little ſpecimen of this kind of converſations may, perhaps, not be diſagreeable, I will beg the reader's patience a moment, to relate what paſſed on this ſubject between Cleanthe and Cleora, two ladies of eminence and diſtinction in the commonwealth of vanity. The former was a young lady of about fifty, who had out-lived many generations of beauties, yet ſtill preſerved the airs and behaviour of fifteen; the latter, a celebrated toaſt, now in the meridian of her charms, and giddy with the admiration ſhe excited. Theſe two ladies had been for ſome time paſt engaged in a ſtrict female friendſhip, and were now ſitting down to ſupper at twelve o'clock at night, to talk over the important follies of the day. They had played at cards that evening at four different aſſemblies, left their names each of them at near twenty doors, and taken half a turn round Ranelagh, where the youngeſt had been engaged in a very ſmart exchange of bows, ſmiles, and compliments, with Hillario. This had been obſerved by Cleanthe, who was at the ſame place, and envied her the many civilities ſhe received from a gentleman ſo ſplendidly dreſſed, whoſe embroidery gave a peculiar poignancy to his wit. Wherefore, at ſupper, ſhe began to vent her ſpite againſt him, telling Cleora ſhe wondered how ſhe could liſten to the impertinence of ſuch a coxcomb. 'Surely,' ſaid ſhe, 'you cannot admire him! For 'my part, I am amazed at people for 'calling him handſome! Do you really 'think him, my dear, ſo agreeable as the 'town generally makes him?' Cleora, heſitating a moment, replied, ſhe did not well know what beauty was in a man. 'To be ſure,' added ſhe, 'if one examines his features one by one, one 'ſees nothing very extraordinary in him; 'but, all together, he has an air, and a 'manner, and a notion of things, my 'dear: he is lively, and airy, and engaging, and all that; and then his 'dreſſes are quite charming!'—'Yes,' ſaid Cleanthe, 'that may be a very good 'recommendation of his taylor; and if 'one deſigns to marry a ſuit of velvet, 'why nobody better than Hillario! How 'ſhould you like him for a huſband, 'Cleora?'—'Faith,' ſaid Cleora, ſmiling, 'I never once thought ſeriouſly upon the ſubject in my life: but ſurely, 'my dear, there is ſuch a thing as fancy 'and taſte in dreſs; in my opinion, a 'man ſhews his parts in nothing more 'than in the choice of his cloaths and 'equipage.'—'Why, to be ſure,' ſaid Cleanthe, 'the man has ſomething of a 'notion at dreſs, I confeſs it; yet, me-

'thinks,

'thinks, I could make an alteration for 'the better in his liveries.' Then began a very curious converſation on ſhoulder-knots; and they ran over all the liveries in town, commending one, and diſliking another, with great nicety of judgment. From ſhoulder-knots they proceeded to the colour of coach-horſes; and Cleanthe, reſolving to diſlike Hillario's equipage, aſked her if ſhe did not prefer greys to bays. Cleora anſwered in the negative; and the clock ſtruck one before they had decided this momentous queſtion; which was conteſted with ſo much earneſtneſs, that both of them were beginning to grow angry, and to ſay ill-natured things, had not a new topick ariſen to divert the diſcourſe. His chariot came next under conſideration, and then they returned to ſpeculate his dreſs; and when they had fully exhauſted all the external accompliſhments of a huſband, they vouchſafed, at laſt, to come to the qualities of the mind. Cleora preferred a man who had travelled: 'Becauſe,' ſaid ſhe, 'he 'has ſeen the world, and muſt be ten 'thouſand times more agreeable and en-'tertaining than a dull home-bred fel-'low, who has never improved himſelf 'by ſeeing things.' But Cleanthe was of a different opinion; alledging that this would only give him a greater conceit of himſelf, and make him leſs manageable by a wife. Then they fell to abuſing matrimony, numbered over the many unhappy couples of their acquaintance, and both of them, for a moment, reſolved to live ſingle: but thoſe reſolutions were ſoon exploded. 'For though,' ſaid Cleanthe, 'I ſhould prefer a friendſhip with 'an agreeable man far beyond marrying 'him; yet, you know, my dear, WE 'GIRLS are under ſo many reſtraints, 'that one muſt wiſh for a huſband, if it 'be only for the privilege of going into 'publick places, without the protection 'of a married-woman along with one, 'to give one countenance.' Cleora rallied the expreſſion of WE GIRLS, which again had like to have bred a quarrel between them; and ſoon afterwards, happening to ſay ſhe ſhould like to dance with Hillario at the next ridotta, Cleanthe, notwithſtanding the indifference ſhe had hitherto expreſſed towards him, could not help declaring, that ſhe ſhould be pleaſed alſo to have him for a partner. This ſtirred up a warmer altercation than any that had yet ariſen; and they contended with ſuch vehemence for this diſtant imaginary happineſs, which perhaps might happen to neither of them, that they grew quite unappeaſeable; and, in the end, departed to bed with as much malice and enmity as if the one had made an attempt on the other's life.

CHAP. IV.

ANOTHER CONVERSATION BETWEEN HILLARIO AND TWO LADIES OF QUALITY.

OUR hero was now perfectly recovered from the indiſpoſition hinted at in the beginning of the preceding chapter, and pretty well reconciled to the air of England; but as yet he had made few acquaintances either with gentlemen of his own or a different ſpecies, being ſeldom permitted to expatiate beyond Hillario's lodgings; where his chief amuſement was to ſtand with his fore-paws up in the window, and contemplate the coaches that paſſed through the ſtreet.

But Fortune, who had deſtined him to a great variety of adventures, no ſooner obſerved that he was ſettled, and began to grow eſtabliſhed in his new apartments, than ſhe determined, according to her uſual inconſtancy, to beat up his quarters, and provide him a new habitation.

Hillario and his little dog were making a viſit one morning to a lady of quality at her toilette; where they had not been long, before another lady of the ſame rank entered the room, and joined the converſation. It turned, as I have been told, on the Italian opera, which they all declared to be the moſt ſublime entertainment in life; when, on a ſudden, little Pompey leaped up into his maſter's lap. Lady Tempeſt (that was the name of the lady laſt arrived) no ſooner ſaw him, than, addreſſing herſelf to his maſter with the eaſe and familiarity of modern breeding—'Hillario,' ſaid ſhe, 'where the devil did you get 'that pretty dog?'—'This dog, Ma-'dam,' cried Hillario, 'Oh l'amour!—'thereby hangs a tale—This dog, Ma-'dam, once belonged to a woman of the 'firſt faſhion in Italy, the fineſt creature, 'I think, that ever my eyes yet beheld! 'Such a ſhape, and ſuch an air!' Then ran he into the moſt extravagant encomiums on her beauty; and, after dropping

ping many hints of an intrigue, to awaken the ladies curioſity, and make them enquire into the particulars of the ſtory, concluded with deſiring them to excuſe him from proceeding any farther, for he thought it the higheſt injury to betray a lady's ſecrets. 'Nay,' ſaid Lady Tempeſt, 'it can do her reputation no 'hurt to tell tales of her in England; 'and beſides, Hillario, if you acquitted 'yourſelf with ſpirit and gallantry in the 'affair, who knows but we ſhall like 'you the better after we have heard 'your ſtory?'—'Well,' ſaid he, 'on 'that condition, my dear counteſs, I 'will confeſs the truth. I had an affair 'with this lady; and, I think, none of 'my amours ever afforded me greater 'tranſport: but the eyes of a huſband 'will officiouſly be prying into things 'that do not concern them. Her jea-'lous-pated booby ſurprized us one 'evening in a little familiar dalliance; 'and, pox take him! ſent me a chal-'lenge the next morning.'—'Bleſs us!' ſaid Lady Tempeſt; 'and what became 'of it?'—'Why,' cries Hillario, 'I 'would willingly have waſhed my hands 'of the fellow if I could; for I thought 'it but a ſilly buſineſs to hazard one's 'life with ſo ridiculous an animal; but, 'curſe the blockhead! he could not un-'derſtand ridicule. You muſt know, 'Madam, I ſent him for anſwer, with 'the greateſt eaſe imaginable, (quite 'compoſed as I am at this moment) that 'I had ſo prodigious a cold, it would 'be imprudent to fight abroad in the 'open air; but if he would have a fire 'in his beſt apartment, and a bottle of 'Burgundy ready for me on the table, 'after I had gone through the fatigue 'of killing him, I was at his ſervice as 'ſoon as he pleaſed; meaning, you ſee, 'to have turned the affair off with a 'joke, if the fellow had been capable of 'taſting ridicule.'—'But that ſtrata-'gem,' replied Lady Tempeſt, 'I am 'afraid, did not ſucceed; the man, I 'doubt, was too dull to apprehend your 'raillery.'—'Dull as a beetle, Madam!' ſaid Hillario; 'the monſter continued 'obſtinate, and repeated his challenge. 'When, therefore, I found nothing elſe 'would do, I reſolved to meet him ac-'cording to his appointment; and there '—in ſhort—Ha! ha! I ſhall never for-'get how he looked—in ſhort, not to 'trouble your ladyſhips with a long, 'tedious deſcription—I ran him through 'the body.' Both the ladies burſt out a laughing at this ſtory, which they moſt juſtly concluded to be a lye; and, after entertaining themſelves with many pleaſant remarks upon it, one of them ſaid with a ſmile—'But what is this to the 'dog, Hillario?'—'The dog, Madam,' anſwered he, 'O pardon me—I am com-'ing to the dog immediately.—Come 'hither, Pompey, and liſten to your own 'ſtory.—This dog, Madam—this very 'little dog—had at that time the honour 'of waiting on the dear woman I have 'been deſcribing; and as the noiſe of 'my duel obliged me to quit Bologna, 'I ſent her private notice of my inten-'tions, and begged her by any means 'to favour me with an interview before 'my departure. The monſter her huſ-'band, who then lay on his death-bed, 'immured her ſo cloſely, that you may 'imagine it was very difficult to gratify 'my deſires: but love, immortal love, 'gave her courage; ſhe ſent me a pri-'vate key to get admiſſion into her gar-'den, and appointed me an aſſignation 'in an orange-grove at nine in the even-'ing. I flew to the dear creature's arms, 'and ſpent an hour with her in the 'greateſt rapture, till it grew danger-'ous and impoſſible to ſtay any longer. 'O mon cœur! then we kneeled down 'both of us on the cold ground, and ſa-'luted one another, for the laſt time, on 'our knees. D—mn'd malicious Fate 'tore me at length from her arms; and 'ſhe gave me this dog—this individual 'little dog—to carry with me as a me-'morial of her love. The poor, dear, 'tender woman died, I hear, within three 'weeks after my departure!—But this 'dog, this divine little dog, will I keep 'everlaſtingly for her ſake!'

When the ladies had heard him to an end—'Well,' ſaid Lady Tempeſt, 'you 'have really told a very pretty ſtory, 'Hillario: but as to your reſolutions 'of keeping the dog, I ſwear you ſhall 'break them; for I had the misfortune 'the other day to loſe my favourite black 'ſpaniel of the mange, and I intend 'you ſhall give me this little dog to 'ſupply his place.'—'Not for the uni-verſe, Madam!' replied Hillario; 'I 'ſhould expect to ſee his dear injured 'miſtreſs's ghoſt haunting me in my 'ſleep to-night, if I could be guilty 'of ſuch an act of infidelity to her!'—'Pugh!' ſaid the lady, 'do not tell me 'of ſuch ridiculous ſuperſtitious trum-

'pery!

'pery! You no more came by the dog 'in this manner, Hillario, than you will 'fly to the moon to-night. But, look'e, 'make no preambles; for I positively 'muſt and will take him home with 'me.'—'Madam,' ſaid Hillario, 'this 'little dog is ſacred to love: he was 'born to be the herald of love; and 'there is but one conſideration in nature 'that can poſſibly induce me to part with 'it.'—'And what is that?' ſaid the lady. 'That, Madam,' cries Hillario, bowing, 'is the honour of viſiting him 'at all hours in his new apartments: he 'muſt be the herald of love wherever he 'goes, on theſe conditions. If you will 'now and then admit me of your retire-'ments, little Pompey waits your ac-'ceptance as ſoon you pleaſe.'—'Well,' ſaid the lady, ſmiling, 'you know I am 'not inexorable, Hillario; 'and, if you 'have a mind to viſit your little friend 'at my ruelle, you will find him ready 'to receive you: though, faith, upon 'ſecond thoughts, I know not whether 'I dare admit you or not. You are ſuch 'a killer of huſbands, Hillario, that it is 'quite terrible to think on! and if mine 'was not conveniently removed out of 'the way, I ſhould have the poor man 'ſacrificed for his jealouſy!'—'Rail-'lery! raillery!' returned Hillario: 'but 'as you ſay, my dear counteſs, your 'monſter is commodiouſly out of the 'way; and therefore we need be under 'no apprehenſions from that quarter, 'for I hardly believe he will riſe out of 'his grave to interrupt our amours!'—'Amours!' cried the lady, lifting up her voice; 'pray, what have I ſaid that 'encourages you to talk of amours?'

From this time the converſation began to grow much too looſe to be reported in this work: they congratulated each other on the felicity of living in an age that allows ſuch indulgence to women, and gives them leave to break looſe from their huſbands, whenever they grow moroſe and diſagreeable, or attempt to interrupt their pleaſures. From hence they relapſed again into a diſcourſe on the Italian opera; and thence made a quick tranſition to ladies painting. This was no ſooner ſtarted, than Hillario begged leave to preſent the lady of the houſe with a box of Rouge, which he had brought with him from France, aſſuring her that the ladies were arrived at ſuch an excellency of uſing it at Paris, as to confound all diſtinction of age and beauty. 'I proteſt to your ladyſhip,' continued he, 'it is impoſſible at any diſtance to 'diſtinguiſh a woman of ſixty from a 'girl of ſixteen; and I have ſeen an old 'dowager in the oppoſite box at their 'play-houſe, make as good a figure, 'and look as blooming, as the youngeſt 'beauty in the place. Nothing in na-'ture is there required to make a woman 'handſome but eyes. If a woman has 'but eyes, ſhe may be a beauty when-'ever ſhe pleaſes, at the expence of a 'couple of guineas. Teeth and hair, and 'eye-brows and complexions, are all 'as cheap as fans, and gloves, and rib-'bands.'

While this ingenious orator was purſuing his eloquent harangue on beauty, Lady Tempeſt, looking at her watch, declared it was time to be going; for ſhe had ſeven or eight viſits more to make that morning, and it was then almoſt three in the afternoon. Little Pompey, who had abſented himſelf during great part of the preceding converſation, as thinking it, perhaps, above the reach of his underſtanding, was now ordered to be produced; and the moment he made his appearance, Lady Tempeſt catching him up in her arms, was conducted by Hillario into her chair, which ſtood at the door waiting her commands. Thus our hero, with three footmen fore-running his equipage, ſet out in triumph for his new apartments.

CHAP. V.

THE CHARACTER OF LADY TEMPEST, WITH SOME PARTICULARS OF HER SERVANTS AND FAMILY.

THE ſudden appearance of this lady, with whom our hero is now about to take up his reſidence, may perhaps excite the reader's curioſity to know who ſhe is; and therefore, before we proceed any farther in our hiſtory, we ſhall ſpend a page or two in bringing him acquainted with her character. But let me admoniſh thee, my gentle friend, whoſoever thou art that ſhalt vouchſafe to peruſe this little treatiſe, not to be too forward in making applications, or to conſtrue ſatire into libel: for we declare here, once for all, that no character drawn in this work is intended for any particular perſon, but meant to comprehend a great variety; and therefore, if thy

thy ſagacity diſcovers likeneſſes that were never intended, and meanings that were never meant, be ſo good to impute it to thy own ill-nature, and accuſe not the humble author of theſe ſheets. Taking this caution along with thee, candid reader, we may venture to truſt thee with a character, which otherwiſe we ſhould be afraid to draw.

Lady Tempeſt then was originally daughter to a private gentleman of a moderate fortune, which ſhe was to ſhare in common with a brother and two other ſiſters: but her wit and beauty ſoon diſtinguiſhed her among her acquaintance, and recompenſed the deficiencies of fortune. She was a free-hearted, ſprightly, jovial girl, very chearful in her converſation, and open in her behaviour; ready to promote any party of pleaſure, and not diſpleaſed now and then to be aſſiſtant in a little miſchief. This made her company courted by men of all ſorts; among whom her affability and ſpirit, as well as her beauty, procured her many admirers. At length ſhe was ſolicited in marriage by a young lord, famous for nothing but his great eſtate, and far her inferior in underſtanding: but the advantageouſneſs of the match ſoon prevailed with her parents to give their conſent, and the thoughts of a title ſo dazzled her own eyes, that ſhe had no leiſure to aſk herſelf whether ſhe liked the man or no that wore it. His lordſhip married for the ſake of begetting an heir to his eſtate; and married her in particular, becauſe he had heard her toaſted as a beauty by moſt of his acquaintance. She, on the contrary, married becauſe ſhe wanted a huſband; and married him, becauſe he could give her a title and a coach and ſix.

But, alas! there is this little misfortune attending matrimony, that people cannot live together any time, without diſcovering each other's tempers. Familiarity ſoon draws aſide the maſk, and all that artificial complaiſance and ſmiling good humour, which make ſo agreeable a part of courtſhip, go off like April bloſſoms, upon a longer acquaintance. The year was ſcarce ended before her young ladyſhip was ſurprized to find ſhe had married a FOOL; which little circumſtance her vanity had concealed from her before marriage, and the hurry and tranſport ſhe felt in a new equipage did not ſuffer her to attend to for the firſt half-year afterwards. But now ſhe began to doubt whether ſhe had not made an unhappy bargain for life, and conſulting with ſome of her female intimates about it, (ſeveral of whom were married) ſhe received ſuch documents from them, as I am afraid did not a little contribute to prepare her for the ſteps ſhe afterwards took.

Her huſband too, though not very quick of diſcernment, had by this time found out, that his wife's ſpirit and romantick diſpoſition were inconſiſtent with his own gloom; which gave new clouds to his temper, and he often curſed himſelf in ſecret for marrying her.

They ſoon grew to reveal theſe thoughts to one another, both in words and actions; they ſat down to meals with indifference; they went to bed with indifference; and the one was always ſure to diſlike what the other at any time ſeemed to approve. Her ladyſhip had recourſe to the common expedient in theſe caſes, I mean the getting a female companion into the houſe with her, as well to relieve her from the tediouſneſs of ſitting down to meals alone with her huſband, as chiefly to hear her complaints, and ſpirit her up againſt her fool and tyrant, the names by which ſhe uſually ſpoke of her lord and maſter. When no ſuch female companions, or more properly TOAD-EATERS, happened to be preſent, ſhe choſe rather to divert herſelf with a little favourite dog, than to murder any of her precious time in converſing with her huſband. This his lordſhip obſerved, and beſides many ſevere reflections and croſs ſpeeches, at length he wreaked his vengeance on the little favourite, and in a paſſion put him to death. This was an affair ſo heinous in the lady's own eſteem, and pronounced to be ſo BARBAROUS, ſo SHOCKING, ſo INHUMAN, by all her acquaintance, that ſhe reſolved no longer to keep any terms with him, and from this moment grew deſperate in all her actions.

Firſt then, ſhe reſolved to ſupply the place of one favourite with a great number, and immediately procured as many dogs into the family as it could well hold. His lordſhip, in return, would order his ſervant to hang two or three of them every week, and never failed kicking them down ſtairs by dozens, whenever they came in his way. When this and many other ſtratagems had been tried, ſome with good and ſome with bad ſucceſs, ſhe came at laſt to play the great game of female reſentment, and by many intimations gave him to miſtruſt, that a ſtranger had invaded

vaded his bed. Whether this was real or only an artifice of ſpite, his lordſhip could never diſcover, and therefore we ſhall not indulge the reader's curioſity, by letting him into the ſecret: but the bare apprehenſion of it ſo inflamed his choler, that her company now became intolerable to him, and indeed their meetings were dreadful to themſelves, and terrible to all beholders. Their ſervants uſed to ſtand at the door to liſten to their quarrels, and then charitably diſperſe the ſubjects of them throughout the town; ſo that all companies now rang of Lord and Lady Tempeſt. But this could not continue long; for indifference may ſometimes be borne in a married ſtate, but indignation and hatred I believe never can; and it is impoſſible to ſay what their quarrels might have produced, had not his lordſhip very ſeaſonably died, and left his DISCONSOLATE WIDOW to bear about the mockery of woe to all publick places for a year.

She now began the world anew on her own foundation, and ſet ſail down the ſtream of pleaſure, without the fears of virginity to check her, or the influence of a huſband to controul her. Now ſhe recovered that ſprightlineſs of converſation and gaiety of behaviour, which had been clouded during the latter part of her cohabition with her huſband; and was ſoon cried up for the greateſt female wit in London. Men of gallantry, and all the world of pleaſure, had eaſy acceſs to her; and malicious fame reports, that ſhe was not over hard-hearted to the ſolicitations of love; but far be it from us to report any ſuch improbable ſcandal. What gives her a place in this hiſtory, is her fondneſs for dogs, which from her childhood ſhe loved exceedingly, and was ſeldom without a little favourite to carry about in her arms: but from the moment that her angry huſband ſacrificed one of them to his reſentment, ſhe grew more paſſionately fond of them than ever, and now conſtantly kept ſix or eight of various kinds in her houſe. About this time, one of her greateſt favourites had the misfortune to die of the mange, as was above commemorated; and when ſhe ſaw little Pompey, ſhe reſolved immediately to beſtow the vacancy upon him, which that well-bred gentleman conſented to on certain conditions, as the reader has ſeen in in the foregoing chapter.

She returned home from her viſit juſt as the clock was ſtriking four, and after ſurveying herſelf a moment in the glaſs, and a little adjuſting her hair, went directly to introduce maſter Pompey to his companions. Theſe were, an Italian greyhound, a Dutch pug, two black ſpaniels of King Charles's breed, a harlequin greyhound, a ſpotted Dane, and a mouſe-coloured Engliſh bull-dog. They heard their miſtreſs's rap at the door, and were aſſembled in the dining-room, ready to receive her: but on the appearance of maſter Pompey, they ſet up a general bark, perhaps out of envy; and ſome of them treated the little ſtranger with rather more rudeneſs than was conſiſtent with dogs of their education. However, the lady ſoon interpoſed her authority, and commanded ſilence among them, by ringing a little bell, which ſhe kept by her for that purpoſe. They all obeyed the ſignal inſtantly, and were ſtill in a moment; upon which ſhe carried little Pompey round, and obliged them all to ſalute their new acquaintance, at the ſame time commanding ſome of them to aſk pardon for their unpolite behaviour; which whether they underſtood or not, muſt be left to the reader's determination. She then ſummoned a ſervant, and ordered a chicken to be roaſted for him; but hearing that dinner was juſt ready to be ſerved up, ſhe was pleaſed to ſay, he muſt be contented with what was provided for herſelf that day, but gave orders to the cook to get ready a chicken to his own ſhare againſt night.

Her ladyſhip now ſat down to table, and Pompey was placed at her elbow, where he received many dainty bits from her fair hands, and was careſſed by her all dinner-time, with more than uſual fondneſs. The ſervants winked at one another while they were waiting, and conveyed many ſneers acroſs the table with their looks; all which had the good luck to eſcape her ladyſhip's obſervation. But the moment they were retired from waiting, they gave vent to their thoughts with all the ſcurrilous wit and ill-mannered raillery, which diſtinguiſhes the converſation of thoſe party-coloured gentlemen.

And firſt, the butler out of livery ſerved up his remarks to the houſekeeper's table; which conſiſted of himſelf, an elderly fat woman the houſekeeper, and my lady's maid, a ſaucy, forward, affected girl of about twenty. Addreſſing himſelf to theſe ſecond-hand gentlewomen, as ſoon as they were pleaſed to ſit down to

dinner, he informed them, that their family was increaſed, and that his lady had brought home a new companion. Their curioſity ſoon led them to deſire an explanation, and then telling them that this new companion was a new dog, he related minutely and circumſtantially all her ladyſhip's behaviour to him during the time of his attendance at the ſide-board, not forgetting to mention the orders of a roaſted chicken for the gentleman's ſupper. The houſekeeper launched out largely on the ſin and wickedneſs of feeding ſuch creatures with Chriſtian victuals, declaring it was flying in the face of Heaven, and wondered how her lady could admit them into her apartment, for ſhe ſaid they had already ſpoiled all the crimſon damaſk chairs in the dining-room.

But my lady's maid had a great deal more to ſay on this ſubject; and as it was her particular office to wait on theſe four-footed worthies, ſhe complained of the hardſhip done her, with great volubility of tongue. 'Then,' ſays ſhe, 'there's 'a new plague come home, is there? he 'has got the mange too, I ſuppoſe, and 'I ſhall have him to waſh and comb to-'morrow morning. I am ſure I am all 'over fleas with tending ſuch naſty poi-'ſonous vermin, and 'tis a ſhame to put 'a Chriſtian to ſuch offices. I was in 'hopes when that little mangy devil died 't'other day, we ſhould have no more of 'them; but deuce fetch me if I won't 'run the comb into the little devil's back 'the firſt time he comes under my hands. 'I can't endure to ſee my lady let them 'kiſs her, and lick her face all over as 'ſhe does. I am ſure I'd ſee all the dogs 'in England at Jericho, before I'd ſuffer 'ſuch poulcat vermin to lick my face. 'Fogh! tis enough to make one ſick to 'ſee it; and I am ſure, if I was a man, 'I'd ſcorn to kiſs a face that had been 'licked by a dog.'

This was part of a ſpeech made by this delicate mincing comb-bruſher; and the reſt we ſhall omit, to wait upon the inferior ſervants, who were now aſſembled at dinner in their common hall of gluttony, and exerciſing their talents likewiſe on the ſame ſubject. John the footman here reported what Mr. William the butler had done before in his department, that their lady had brought home a new dog. 'Damn it,' cries the coachman, with a ſurly brutal voice, 'what ſignifies a new 'dog? has ſhe brought home ever a new 'man?' which was ſeconded with a loud laugh from all the company. Another ſwore, he never knew a kennel of dogs kept in a bed-chamber before; which likewiſe was applauded with a loud and boiſterous laugh: but as ſuch kind of wit is too low for the dignity of this hiſtory, though much affected by many of my contemporaries, I fancy I ſhall eaſily have the reader's excuſe, if I forbear to relate any more of it.

To ſay the truth, the lower ſort of men-ſervants are the moſt inſolent, brutal, ungenerous raſcals on the face of the earth: they are bred up in idleneſs, drunkenneſs, and debauchery, and inſtead of concealing any faults they obſerve at home, find a pleaſure in vilifying and mangling the reputations of their maſters in all ale-houſes, nine-pin-alleys, gin-ſhops, cellars, and every other place of dirty rendezvous.

CHAP. VI.

OUR HERO BECOMES A DOG OF THE TOWN, AND SHINES IN HIGH LIFE.

POMPEY was now grown up to maturity and dog's eſtate, when he came to live with Lady Tempeſt; who ſoon uſhered him into all the joys and vanities of the town.

As he attended his miſtreſs to all routs, drums, hurricanes, hurley-burleys, and earthquakes, he ſoon eſtabliſhed an acquaintance and friendſhip with the moſt noted dogs of quality, and of courſe affected a moſt hearty contempt for all of inferior ſtation, whom he would never vouchſafe to play with, or pay them the leaſt regard. He ſeemed to know at firſt ſight, whether a dog had received a good education, by his manner of coming into a room, and was extremely ambitious to ſhew his 'collar at court;' in which again he reſembled certain other dogs, who are equally vain of their finery, and happy to be diſtinguiſhed in their 'reſpective orders.'

If he could have ſpoken, I am perſuaded he would have uſed the phraſes ſo much in faſhion; 'Nobody one knows! Wretches 'dropt out of the moon! Creatures ſprung 'from a dunghill!' By which are ſignified all thoſe who are not born to a title, or have not impudence and diſhoneſty enough to run in debt with their taylors for laced cloaths.

Again, had he been to write a letter from

from Bath or Tunbridge, he would have told his correſpondent, there was not a ſoul in the place; though at the ſame time he knew there were above two thouſand; becauſe perhaps none of the men wore ſtars and garters, and none of the women were bold enough to impoveriſh their families, by playing at the noble and illuſtrious game of Brag.

As he was now become a dog of the town, and perfectly well-bred, of courſe he gave himſelf up to intrigue, and had ſeldom leſs than two or three amours at a time with bitches of the higheſt faſhion: in which circumſtances he again lamented the want of ſpeech, being by that means debarred from the pleaſure of boaſting of the favours he received. But his gallantries were ſoon divulged by the conſequences of them; and as ſeveral very pretty puppies had been the offſpring of his loves, it was uſual for all the acquaintance of Lady Tempeſt to ſolicit and cultivate his breed. And here I ſhall beg leave to inſert two little billets of a very extraordinary nature, as a ſpecimen of what it is that engages the attention of ladies of quality in this refined and accompliſhed age. Lady Tempeſt was ſitting at her toilette one morning, when her maid brought her the following little ſcroll, from another lady, whoſe name will be ſeen at the bottom of her letter.

'DEAR TEMPEST,

'MY favourite little Veny is at preſent troubled with certain amorous 'infirmities of nature, and would not 'be diſpleaſed with the addreſſes of a 'lover. Be ſo good therefore to ſend 'little Pompey by my ſervant who brings 'this note, for I fancy it will make a 'very pretty breed; and when the lovers 'have tranſacted their affairs, he ſhall be 'ſent home incontinently. Believe me, 'dear Tempeſt, yours affectionately,

'RACKET.'

Lady Tempeſt, as ſoon as ſhe had read this curious epiſtle, called for pen and ink, and immediately wrote the following anſwer, which likewiſe we beg leave to inſert.

'DEAR RACKET,

'INFIRMITIES of nature we all are ſubject to, and therefore I have 'ſent maſter Pompey to wait upon Miſs 'Veny, begging the favour of you to re-'turn him as ſoon as his gallantries are 'over. Conſider, my dear, no modern 'love can, in the nature of things, laſt 'above three days, and therefore I hope 'to ſee my little friend again very ſoon. 'Your affectionate friend,

'TEMPEST.'

In conſequence of theſe letters, our hero was conducted to Mrs. Racket's houſe, where he was received with the civility due to his ſtation in life, and treated on the footing of a gentleman who came a courting in the family. Mrs. Racket had two daughters, who had greatly improved their natural reliſh for pleaſure in the warm climate of a town education, and were extremely ſolicitous to inform themſelves of all the myſteries of love. Theſe young ladies no ſooner heard of Pompey's arrival, than they went down ſtairs into the parlour, and undertook themſelves to introduce him to Miſs Veny: for love ſo much engroſſed their thoughts, that they could not ſuffer a lap-dog in the houſe to have an amour without their privity. Here, while they were ſolacing themſelves with innocent ſpeculation, a young gentleman, who viſited on a familiar footing in the family, was introduced ſomewhat abruptly to them. They no ſooner found themſelves ſurprized, than they ran tittering to a corner of the parlour, and hid their faces behind their fans; while their viſitor not happening to obſerve the hymeneal rites that were celebrating, begged to know the cauſe of their mirth. This redoubled their diverſion, and they burſt out afreſh into ſuch immoderate fits of laughter, that the poor man began to look exceedingly fooliſh, imagining himſelf to be the object of their ridicule. In vain he renewed his entreaties to be let into the ſecret of their laughter; the ladies had not the power of utterance, and he would ſtill have continued ignorant, had he not accidentally caſt his eye aſide, and there beheld maſter Pompey with the moſt prevailing ſolicitation making love to his four-footed miſtreſs. This at once ſatisfied his curioſity, and he was no longer at a loſs to know the reaſon of that uncommon joy and rapture which the ladies had expreſſed.

Thus was our hero permitted to riot in all the luxuries of life, and treated every where, both at home and abroad, with the greateſt indulgence. He fed every day upon chicken, partridges, ragouts, fri-

caſſees, and all the rarities in ſeaſon; which ſo pampered him up with luxurious notions, as made ſome future ſcenes of life the more grievous to him, when fortune obliged him to undergo the hardſhips that will hereafter be recorded.

CHAP. VII.

RELATING A CURIOUS DISPUTE ON THE IMMORTALITY OF THE SOUL, IN WHICH THE NAME OF OUR HERO WILL BUT ONCE BE MENTIONED.

NOTHING is more common on the ſtage, than to ſuſpend the curioſity of an audience in the moſt intereſting ſcenes of a play, and relieve them, as it is called, with a dance of ghoſts, or devils, or furies, or other outlandiſh beings. In imitation of this laudable cuſtom, before the reader proceeds anv farther in Pompey's hiſtory, he is deſired to relieve himſelf with a curious diſpute on the immortality of the ſoul, which paſſed one day in our hero's preſence.

Lady Tempeſt, about this time, being indiſpoſed with ſome trifling diſorder, kept her chamber, and was attended by two phyſicians. Theſe gentlemen were now making their morning viſit, and had juſt gone through the examinations which cuſtom immemorial preſcribes; as—'How did your ladyſhip ſleep laſt 'night? Do you find any drowth, Ma-'dam? Pray let me look at your lady-'ſhip's tongue;' and many other queſtions which I have not leiſure now to record: when on a ſudden a violent rap at the door, and ſhortly afterward the appearance of a viſitor, interrupted their proceedings. The lady who now arrived came directly up to Lady Tempeſt, and made her compliments; then being deſired to ſit down, ſhe fell into ſome common chit-chat on the news of the town; in the midſt of which, without any thing preparatory to ſuch a ſubject, addreſſing herſelf on a ſudden to one of the phyſicians, with a face of infinite ſignificance and erudition, ſhe aſked him if he believed in the immortality of the ſoul; but before we anſwer this extraordinary queſtion, or relate the converſation that enſued upon it, it will be for the reader's eaſe to receive a ſhort ſketch of her character.

In many reſpects this lady was in ſimilar circumſtances with Lady Tempeſt; only with this difference, that the one had been ſeparated from her huſband by his death, the other divorced from hers by act of parliament; the one was famous for wit, and the other affected the character of wiſdom. Lady Sophiſter, (for that was her name) as ſoon as ſhe was releaſed from the matrimonial fetters, ſet out to viſit foreign parts, and had diſplayed her charms in moſt of the courts in Europe. There, in many parts of her tour, ſhe had cultivated an acquaintance with literati, and particularly in France, where the ladies affect a reputation of ſcience, and are able to diſcourſe on the profoundeſt queſtions of theology and philoſophy. The labyrinths of a female brain are ſo various and intricate, that it is difficult to ſay what firſt ſuggeſted the opinion to her, whether caprice or vanity of being ſingular; but all on a ſudden her ladyſhip took a fancy into her head to diſbelieve the immortality of the ſoul, and never came into the company of learned men without diſplaying her talents on this wonderful ſubject. This extraordinary principle, to ſhew that ſhe did not take up her notions lightly and wantonly, ſhe was able to demonſtrate; and could appeal to the greateſt authorities in defence of it. She had read Hobbes, Malbranche, Locke, Shafteſbury, Woollaſton, and many more; all of whom ſhe obliged to give teſtimony to her paradox, and perverted paſſages out of their works with a facility 'very eaſy to be ima-'gined.' But Mr. Locke had the misfortune to be her principal favourite, and conſequently it reſted chiefly upon him to furniſh her with quotations whenever her ladyſhip pleaſed to engage in controverſy. Such was the character of Lady Sophiſter, who now arrived, and aſked the ſurprizing queſtion above-mentioned concerning the immortality of the ſoul.

Doctor Killdarby, to whom ſhe addreſſed herſelf, aſtoniſhed at the novelty of the queſtion, ſat ſtaring with horror and amazement on his companion; which Lady Tempeſt obſerving, and gueſſing that her female friend was going to be very abſurd, reſolved to promote the converſation for her own amuſement. Turning herſelf, therefore, to the doctor, ſhe ſaid with a ſmile—'Do not you un-

'derſtand

'derſtand the meaning of her ladyſhip's 'queſtion, Sir? She aſks you if you 'believe in the immortality of the ſoul?'

'Believe in the immortality of the 'ſoul, Madam!' ſaid the doctor ſtaring; 'bleſs me, your ladyſhips aſtoniſh me 'beyond meaſure. Believe in the im-'mortality of the ſoul! Yes, undoubt-'edly; and I hope all mankind does the 'ſame.'

'Be not too ſure of that, Sir,' ſaid Lady Sophiſter: 'pray have you ever 'read Mr. Locke's controverſy with 'the Biſhop of Worceſter?'

'Mr. Locke's controverſy, Madam! replied the doctor; 'I proteſt I am not 'ſure: Mr. Locke's controverſy with 'the Biſhop of Worceſter! Let me ſee— 'I vow I cannot recollect—My reading 'has been very multifarious and exten-'ſive—Yes, Madam, I think I have read 'it; though I proteſt I cannot be ſure 'whether I have read it or no.'

'Have you ever read it, Doctor Rhu-'barb?' ſaid ſhe, addreſſing herſelf to the other phyſician.

'O yes, Madam, very often,' replied he; 'it is that fine piece of his where '—Yes, yes, I have read it very often; 'I remember it perfectly well. But 'pray, Madam, is there any paſſage— 'I beg your ladyſhip's pardon if I am 'miſtaken—but is there any paſſage, I 'ſay, in that piece, which tends to con-'firm your ladyſhip's notion concerning 'the immortality of the ſoul?'

'Why pray, Sir,' ſaid the lady, with a ſmile of triumph, 'what do you eſteem 'the ſoul to be? Is it air, or fire, or 'æther, or a kind of quinteſſence, as 'Ariſtotle obſerved, and compoſition of 'all the elements?'

Doctor Rhubarb, quite dumb-found-ed with ſo much learning, deſired firſt to hear her ladyſhip's opinion of the matter. 'My opinion,' reſumed ſhe, 'is exactly 'the ſame with Mr. Locke's. You 'know Mr. Locke obſerves there are 'various kinds of matter— Well, but 'firſt we ſhould define matter, which 'you know the logicians tell us is an 'extended ſolid ſubſtance. Well, out 'of this matter, ſome you know is made 'into roſes and peach-trees; then the 'next ſtep which matter takes, is animal 'life; from whence, you know, we 'have lions and elephants, and all the 'race of brutes: then the laſt ſtep, as 'Mr. Locke obſerves, is thought, and 'reaſon, and volition, from whence are 'created men; and therefore you very 'plainly ſee it is impoſſible for the ſoul 'to be immortal.'

'Pardon me, Madam,' ſaid Rhu-barb. 'Roſes, and peach-trees, and ele-'phants, and lions! I proteſt I remem-'ber nothing of this nature in Mr. 'Locke.'—'Nay, Sir,' cried ſhe, 'can 'you deny me this? If the ſoul is fire, 'it muſt be extinguiſhed; if it is air, it 'muſt be diſperſed; if it be only a mo-'dification of matter, why then of courſe 'it ceaſes, you know, when matter is no 'longer modified; if it be any thing 'elſe, it is exactly the ſame thing: and 'therefore you muſt confeſs—indeed, 'doctor you muſt confeſs—that it is 'impoſſible for the ſoul to be immor-'tal.'

Doctor Killdarby, who had ſat ſilent for ſome time to collect his thoughts, finding what a learned antagoniſt he had to cope with, began now to harangue in the following manner. 'Madam,' ſaid he, 'as to the nature of the ſoul, to be 'ſure there have been ſuch opinions as 'your ladyſhip mentions about it—ma-'ny various and unaccountable opi-'nions. Some called it Divinum Cœ-'leſte; others Quinta Eſſentia, as your 'ladyſhip obſerves; and others Inflam-'mata Anima; that is, Madam, In-'flamed Air. Ariſtoxenus, an old mu-'ſician, as I remember, imagined the 'ſoul to be a muſical tune; and a ma-'thematician that I have heard of, ſup-'poſed it to be like an æquilateral trian-'gle. Deſcartes, I think, makes it's 'reſidence to be the pineal gland of the 'brain, where all the nerves terminate; 'and Borri, I remember, the Milaneſe 'phyſician, in a letter to Bartholine, *de 'ortu cerebri et uſu medico*, aſſerts, 'that in the brain is found a certain very 'ſubtil fragrant juice, (which I conceive 'may be the ſame as the nervous juice 'or animal ſpirits) and this he takes to 'be the reſidence or ſeat of the ſoul; 'the ſubtilty or fineneſs of which he ſup-'poſes to depend, Madam, on the tem-'perature of this liquor. But really 'all theſe opinions may very probably 'be falſe: we do but grope in the dark, 'Madam; we do but grope in the dark; 'and it would be better to let the ſub-'ject entirely alone. The concurrent 'opinions of all mankind have ever 'agreed in believing the immortality 'of the ſoul; and this, I confeſs, is to 'me an unanſwerable argument of it's

'truth.

'truth. You ſee, Madam, I purpoſely 'wave the topick of revelation.'

'Oh, Sir, as to that matter,' cries the lady, interrupting him, 'as to revelation, 'Sir—' And here ſhe ran into much common-place raillery at the expence only of Chriſtianity and the Goſpel; till Lady Tempeſt cut her ſhort, and deſired her to be ſilent on that head: for this good lady believed all the doctrines of religion, and was contented, like many others, with the trifling privilege only of diſobeying all it's precepts.

Lady Sophiſter, however, reſolved not to quit the field of battle, but rallied her forces, and once more fell on her adverſaries with an air of triumph. 'You 'ſay, I think, Sir,' reſumed ſhe, 'that a 'multitude of opinions will eſtabliſh a 'truth. Now you know all the Indians 'believe that their dogs will go to hea-'ven along with them; and if a great 'many opinions can prove any thing to 'be true, what ſay you to that, Sir? 'India, you know, doctor, is a prodi-'gious large wide tract of continent, 'where the Gymnoſophiſts lived, and all 'that.—Pray, Lady Tempeſt, let us 'look at your globes.'

'My globes, Madam!' ſaid Lady Tempeſt; 'what globes of mine does 'your ladyſhip deſire to ſee?'

'What globes!' replied the diſputant; 'why your celeſtial and terreſtrial globes 'to be ſure. I want to look out India 'in the map, and ſhew the doctor what a 'prodigious wide tract of continent it 'is in compariſon of our Europe: how-'ever, come, I believe we can do with-'out them. As I was ſaying, therefore, 'Sir, the Indians you know believe their 'dogs will bear them company to hea-'ven; and if a great many opinions can 'eſtabliſh the truth of an hypotheſis—'you underſtand me, I hope, becauſe I 'would fain ſpeak to be underſtood—I 'ſay, if a great many opinions can 'prove any thing to be true, what ſay 'you to that, Sir? For inſtance, now, 'there is Lady Tempeſt's little lap-'dog—' 'My dear little creature,' ſaid Lady Tempeſt, catching him up in her arms, 'will you go to heaven along with 'me? I ſhall be vaſtly glad of your 'company, Pompey, if you will.' From this hint both their ladyſhips had many bright ſallies, till Lady Sophiſter, flu̇ſhed with the hopes of this argument, recalled her adverſary to the queſtion, and deſired to hear his reply. 'Come, Sir,' ſaid ſhe, 'you have not yet reſponſed to my 'argument, you have not anſwered my 'laſt ſyllogiſm. I think I have gra-'velled you now; I think I have done 'for you; I think I have demoliſhed you, 'doctor.'

'Not at all, Madam,' ſaid Killdarby; 'really, as to that matter, that is nei-'ther here nor there. Opinions, Ma-'dam, vague irregular opinions, will 'ſpring up and float in people's brains; 'but we were talking of the dictates of 'ſenſe and reaſon. Savages, Madam, 'will be ſavage; but Indians have no-'thing to do with Europeans. The 'reply to what your ladyſhip has ad-'vanced would be eaſy and obvious: 'but really I muſt beg to be excuſed; 'my profeſſion does not oblige me to a 'knowledge of ſuch ſubjects; I came 'here to preſcribe as a phyſician, and 'not to diſcuſs topicks of theology. 'Come, brother, I believe we only in-'terrupt their ladyſhips, and I am oblig-'ed to call upon my Lord ——, and Sir 'William ——, and Lady Betty, and 'many other people of quality this 'morning.' Dr. Rhubarb declared that he likewiſe had as many viſits to make that morning; whereupon, taking their leaves and their fees, the two gentlemen retired with great precipitation, leaving her ladyſhip in poſſeſſion of the field of battle; who immediately reported all over the town that ſhe had out-reaſoned two phyſicians, and obliged them by dint of argument to confeſs that the ſoul is not immortal.

And now begging the reader's pardon for this digreſſion, let us return to our hero, who I am afraid is going to ſuffer a great revolution in his life.

CHAP. VIII.

VARIOUS AND SUNDRY MATTERS.

LADY Tempeſt had been walking one morning in St. James's Park, with her little favourite, as uſual, attending her; for ſhe never went abroad without taking him in her arms. Here ſhe ſet him down on his legs, to play with ſome other dogs of quality, that were taking the air that morning in the Mall; giving him ſtrict orders, however, not to preſume to ſtray out of her ſight. Yet, in ſpite of this injunction, ſomething or other tempted his curioſity beyond the limits

of

of the Mall; and there, while he was rolling and indulging himſelf on the green graſs, (a pleaſure by novelty rendered more agreeable to him) it was his misfortune to ſpring a bird; which he purſued with ſuch eagerneſs and alacrity, that he was quite out of ſight before he thought proper to give over the chace. His miſtreſs, in the mean while, was engaged in ſo warm and intereſting a diſpute on the price of ſilk, that ſhe never miſſed her favourite; nay, what is ſtill more extraordinary, ſhe got into her coach and drove home, without once beſtowing a thought upon him. But the moment ſhe arrived in her dining-room, and caſt her eyes on the reſt of her four-footed friends, her guilt immediately flew in her face, and ſhe cried out with a ſcream—'As I am alive, I have left 'little Pompey behind me!'

Then ſummoning up two of her ſervants, ſhe commanded them to go directly and ſearch every corner of the park with the greateſt diligence, proteſting ſhe ſhould never have any peace of mind till her favourite was reſtored to her arms. Many times ſhe rang her bell to know if her ſervants were returned, before it was poſſible for them to have got thither: but at length the fatal meſſenger arrived, that Pompey was no where to be found. And indeed it would have been next to a miracle if he had; for theſe faithful ambaſſadors had never once ſtirred from the kitchen-fire, where, together with the reſt of the ſervants, they had been laughing at the folly of their miſtreſs. And the reaſon why they denied their return ſooner was, becauſe they imagined a ſufficient time had not then elapſed to give a probability to that lye which they were determined to tell. Yet this did not ſatisfy their lady; ſhe ſent them a ſecond time to repeat their ſearch, and a ſecond time they returned with the ſame anſwer. At this again the reader is deſired not to wonder; for though her ladyſhip ſaw them out of the houſe herſelf, and ordered them to bring back her favourite under pain of diſmiſſion, the fartheſt of their travels was only to an alehouſe at the corner of the ſtreet; where they had been entertaining a large circle of their parti-coloured brethren with much ribaldry at the expence of their miſtreſs.

Tenderneſs to this lady's character makes me paſs over much of the ſorrow ſhe vented on this occaſion; but I cannot help relating, that ſhe immediately diſpatched cards to all her acquaintance, to put off a drum which was to have been held at her houſe that evening; giving as a reaſon, that ſhe had loſt her darling lap-dog, and could not ſee company. She continued to adverti ſe him in all the newſpapers for a month together, with increaſe of the reward as the caſe grew more deſperate: yet neither all the enquiries ſhe made, nor all the rewards ſhe offered, ever reſtored little Pompey to her arms. We muſt leave her, therefore, to receive the conſolations of her friends on this afflicting loſs, and return to examine after our hero.

He had been purſuing a bird, as was before deſcribed; and when his diverſion was over, galloped back to the Mall, not in the leaſt doubting to find his lady there at his return. But, alas, how great was his diſappointment! He ran up and down, ſmelling to every petticoat he met, and ſtaring up in every female face; yet neither his eyes or noſe gave him the information he deſired. Seven times he courſed from Buckingham Houſe to the Horſe Guards, and back again; but all in vain: at length tired, diſconſolate, and full of deſpair, he ſat himſelf down under a tree, and there turning his head aſide in a thoughtful attitude, abandoned himſelf to much mournful meditation. In this evil plight, while he was ruminating on his fate, and, like many other people in the park, unable to divine where he ſhould get a dinner, he was ſpied by a little girl about ſeven years old, who was walking by her mother's ſide in the Mall. She no ſooner perceived him, than ſhe cried out—'La, mamma, there's 'a pretty dog!' and then applied herſelf with much tenderneſs to ſolicit him to her. The wretched are always glad to find a friend; and our little unfortunate no ſooner ſaw one courting him to her, than immediately breaking off his meditations, he ran haſtily up, and ſaluting her eagerly with his fore-paws, gave ſo many dumb expreſſions of joy, that ſpeech itſelf could hardly have been more eloquent. The young lady, on her ſide, charmed with his ready compliance, ſnatched him up in her arms, and kiſſed him with great delight; then turning again to her mother, and aſking her if ſhe did not think him a lovely creature—'I wonder,' ſaid ſhe, 'whoſe dog it is, 'mamma! I have a good mind to take 'him home with me; ſhall I, mamma? 'Shall I take him home with me, mamma?'

'ma?' To this alſo her mother conſented; and when they had taken two or three more turns, they retired to their coach, and Pompey was conducted to his new lodgings.

As ſoon as they alighted at home, little miſs ran haſtily up ſtairs, to ſhew her brother and ſiſters the prize ſhe had found; and he was handed about from one to the other, with great delight and admiration of his beauty. Then he was introduced to all their favourites, which were, a dormouſe, two kittens, a ſquirrel, a parrot, and magpye. To theſe he was preſented with many childiſh ceremonies, and a thouſand little follies, which make up the happineſs of this happieſt age. The parrot was to make a ſpeech to him, the ſquirrel to treat him with ſome nuts, the kittens to dance for his diverſion, the magpye to tell his fortune; and all were enjoined to contribute ſomething to the entertainment of the little ſtranger in his new apartments: and it is inconceivable how buſy they were in the execution of theſe trifles, with all their ſpirits in a hurry, and their whole ſouls laid out upon them.

One would have imagined, after the extraordinary tenderneſs with which our hero had been treated by Lady Tempeſt, he muſt have felt great regret and concern at the loſs of her; but, I am ſorry to ſay it, he had no ſooner dined, and felt himſelf ſnug in a new apartment, than he entirely forgot his former miſtreſs. Here I know not how to excuſe his behaviour. Had he been a man, one ſhould not have wondered to find him guilty of ingratitude; a vice deeply rooted in the nature of that wicked animal: but that a dog, a creature famous for fidelity, ſhould ſo ſoon forget his former friend and benefactreſs, is, I confeſs, quite unaccountable; and I would willingly draw a veil over this part of his conduct, if the veracity of an hiſtorian did not oblige me to relate it.

CHAP. IX.

WHAT THE READER WILL KNOW IF HE READS IT.

THE father of this little brood, who are now in poſſeſſion of our hero, was Captain Vincent of the Guards, a gentleman whoſe character will coſt us no long deſcription.

Captain Vincent of the Guards was an exceeding handſome man, about thirty years old, tall, and well-proportioned in his limbs; but ſo entirely devoted to the contemplation of his own pretty perſon, that he never detached his thoughts one moment from the conſideration of it. Conſcious of being a favourite of the ladies, among whom he was received always with eyes of affection, he thought the charms of his figure irreſiſtible wherever he came, and ſeemed to ſhew himſelf in all publick places as an object of publick admiration. You ſaw for ever in his looks a ſmile of aſſurance, complacency, and ſelf-applauſe: he appeared always to be wondering at his own accompliſhments, and eſpecially when he made a ſurvey now and then of his dreſs and limbs, it was as much as to ſay to his company—'Gentlemen and ladies, 'look on me, if you can, without admi-'ration.' The reputation of two or three affairs which Fame had given him with women of faſhion, ſtill contributed to increaſe his vanity, and authorized him, as he thought, to beſtow more time and pains on the beautifying and adorning ſo ſucceſsful a figure. In ſhort, after many real or pretended amours, which made him inſufferably vain, he married at laſt a celebrated town-beauty, a woman of quality, who was in all reſpects equal to, and worthy of, ſuch a huſband.

Lady Betty Vincent, the wife of this gentleman, was one of thoſe haughty nymphs of quality who preſume ſo much on the merit of a title, that they never trouble themſelves to acquire any other. She was proud, expenſive, inſolent, and unmannerly, to her inferiors; vain of her rank, and ſtill vainer of her perſon; full of extravagant airs; and, though exceedingly ſilly, conceited of an imaginary wit and ſmartneſs. As ſhe ſet out in life with a full perſuaſion that her prodigious beauty, merit, and accompliſhments, muſt ſoon procure her the title of 'Her Grace,' ſhe rejected ſeveral advantageous matches that offered, becauſe they did not in all points come up to the height of her ambition. At length, finding her charms begin to decay, in a fit of luſt, diſappointed pride, and oppoſition to her mother, with whom ſhe had then a quarrel, ſhe patched up a marriage with Captain Vincent of the Guards, contrary to the advice and remonſtrances of all her friends and relations.

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As the captain had no revenue beſide the income of his commiſſion, and her ladyſhip's fortune did not exceed ſeven thouſand pounds, it may be concluded, when the honey-moon of love was over, this agreeable couple did not find the matrimonial-fetters ſit perfectly eaſy upon them. To retrench in any article, they found it impoſſible; to retire into the country, ſtill more impoſſible; that was horrors, death, and deſpair; her ladyſhip could not hear of ſuch a thing with patience; ſhe was ready to ſwoon at the mention of it: and, indeed, the captain, who was equally attached to London, never made the propoſal in earneſt.

What, then, could they do in theſe embarraſſing circumſtances? Why, they took a little houſe in Hedge Lane, near the bottom of the Hay Market, which, being in the center of publick diverſions, ſerved to keep them a little in countenance; and there they ſupported their ſpirits, as well as they could, with reflecting that they ſtill lived in the world, though their apartments were not ſo commodious as they could wiſh.

Fettered pride is ſure to turn into peeviſhneſs, and ſpleen is the daughter of mortified vanity. Finding themſelves cramped with want, they grew uneaſy, diſcontented, jealous of each other's extravagance, and were ſcarce ever alone without reproaching one another on the article of expence. The lady powted at the captain for going to White's, and the captain recriminated on his wife for playing at brag; and then followed a long contention which of them ſpent the moſt money.

To compleat their misfortunes, her ladyſhip took to breeding, which introduced a thouſand new expences; and they muſt abſolutely have ſtarved in the midſt of pride and vanity, had they not been ſeaſonably relieved now and then by ſome handſome preſents from Lady Betty's mother, my old Lady Harridan, who was ſtill alive, and in poſſeſſion of a conſiderable jointure.

The devotion which the captain paid to his beautiful figure has already been deſcribed; nor was her ladyſhip one jot behind him in idolizing and adoring her own charms. She prided herſelf in a more particular manner on the lovely blooin and charming delicacy of her complexion, which had procured her the envy of one ſex, and the admiration of the other; though, perhaps, if her enviers and admirers had known the following little ſtory, both theſe paſſions would have conſiderably abated in them.

It was our hero's cuſtom, whenever he came into a new family, to gratify his curioſity, as ſoon as poſſible, with a general ſurvey of the houſe. On his arrival here, his little owners were ſo fond of him the firſt day, that they lugged him about in their arms, and never permitted him to ſtay one moment out of their ſights; but being left more at his own liberty the next morning, he thought it was then a convenient time for making his tour. After examining all the rooms above ground, he deſcended intrepidly into the kitchen, and began to look about ſharp for a breakfaſt; for, to ſay the truth, he had hitherto met with very thin commons in his new apartments. At laſt, a blue and white diſh, which ſtood on the dreſſer, preſented itſelf to his eye. This immediately he determined to be a lawful prey; and perceiving nobody preſent to interrupt him, boldly made a ſpring at it: but happening unluckily to leap againſt the diſh, down it came, and it's contents ran about the kitchen. Scarce had this happened, when my lady's maid appeared below ſtairs, and began to ſcream out in a very ſhrill accent—'Why, who has done this 'now? I'll be whipped if this owdacious 'little dog has not been and thrown 'down my lady's backſide's breakfaſt!' After which ſhe fell very ſeverely on the cook, who now entered the kitchen, and began to reprimand her in a very authoritative tone, for not taking more care of her dreſſers: 'But let the 'pothecary,' added ſhe, 'come and mix up his naſti-'neſs himſelf and he will; for, deuce 'fetch me if I'll wait on her ladyſhip's 'backſide in this manner! If ſhe will 'have her clyſters, let the clyſter-pipe 'doctor come and miniſter them him-'ſelf, and not put me to her filthy of-'fices.—O Lord, bleſs us! Well, rather 'than be at all this pains for a com-'plexion, I'd be as brown as a berry 'all my life-time! The fineſt flowers, I 'have heard ſay, are raiſed from dung; 'and, perhaps, it may be ſo: I am ſure 'tis ſo at our houſe; for my lady takes 'phyſick twice a week, and treats her 'backſide with a clyſter once a fort-'night, and all this to preſerve a com-'plexion!'

While the waiting-gentlewoman was haranguing thus at the expence of her

miſtreſs, the captain's valet alſo came into the kitchen; and hearing his fellow-ſervant very loud and vociferous, enquired what was the matter. 'Matter!' cried ſhe, 'matter enough o'conſcience! 'Don't you ſee there? This plaguy little 'devil of a dog has been and flung 'down my lady's backſide's breakfaſt!' —'Bleſs us! a prodigious diſaſter in-'deed!' replied the valet. 'Why, what 'ſhall we do now, Mrs. Minikin? I am 'afraid your ladyſhip's complexion will 'want it's bloom to-day!'—'Hang her 'complexion!' ſaid Abigail; 'I wiſh 'her complexion was at the bottom of 'her own cloſe-ſtool! She need be ſo 'generous to her backſide indeed! I am 'ſure ſhe is not ſo over-and-above ge-'nerous to her ſervants, and her trades-'folks!'—'True,' cried the valet; 'if 'ſhe would treat us with a breakfaſt now 'and then, as well as her backſide, me-'thinks it would not be amiſs; for, deuce 'take me, if ever I ſaw ſuch houſe-'keeping in any family that ever I lived 'in, in my days! They dreſs plaguy 'fine both of 'em, and cut a figure a-'broad, while their ſervants are ſtarving 'at home.'—'Yes, yes,' ſaid Mrs. Minikin, 'tis all ſhew, and no ſubſtance, 'at our houſe! There's your pretty ma-'ſter, the captain, has been ſmugging 'up his pretty face, and cleaning his 'teeth, for this hour, before the look-'ing-glaſs, this morning: I wonder he 'does not clyſter for a complexion too! 'Though, thank Heaven! he's cox-'comb enough already, and wants no 'addition to his pride: he ſeems to think 'no woman can look him in the face 'without falling in love with him, with 'his black ſolitaire, and his white teeth, 'and his frizzled hair, and his fopperies! 'O Lord, have mercy upon us! Well, 'every one to their liking: but, hang 'me, if I would not marry a monkey as 'ſoon as ſuch a powdered ſcaramouch, 'were I woman of quality!—Get out, 'you little naſty devil of a dog! Hang 'me if I won't brain you, and let the 'little vixens your miſtreſſes ſay what 'they pleaſe!'

Having ſaid this, ſhe ſet out, full of rage, in purſuit of poor Pompey, who took to his heels with great precipitation, and fled for his life; but not being nimble enough, he was overtaken, and ſmarted ſeverely for the treſpaſs he had committed. To ſay the truth, he ſoon began to find himſelf very unhappily ſituated in this family; for wretched are all thoſe animals that become the favourites of children. At firſt, indeed, he ſuffered only the barbarity of their kindneſs, and was perſecuted with no other cruelties than what aroſe from their extravagant love of him: but when the date of his favour began to expire, (and it did not continue long) he was then taught to feel how much ſeverer their hatred could be than their fondneſs. He had, indeed, from the firſt, two or three dreadful preſages of what might happen to him; for he had ſeen with his own eyes the two kittens, his play-fellows, drowned for ſome miſdemeanor they had been guilty of; and the magpye's head chopped off with the greateſt paſſion, for daring to peck a piece of plumb-cake that lay in the window without permiſſion; which inſtances of cruelty were ſufficient to warn him, if he had any foreſight, of what might afterwards happen to himſelf.

But he was not left long to entertain himſelf with conjectures, before he felt in perſon and in reality the miſchievous diſpoſition of theſe little tyrants. Sometimes they took it into their heads that he was full of fleas; and then he was ſouſed into a tub of water till he was almoſt dead, in order to kill the vermin that inhabited the hair of his body. At other times, he was ſet on his hinder-legs with a book before his eyes, and ordered to read his leſſon; which not being able to perform, they whipped him till he howled, and then chaſtiſed him the more for daring to be ſenſible of pain.

Much of this treatment did he undergo, often wiſhing himſelf reſtored to the arms of Lady Tempeſt; when Fortune, taking pity of his calamities, once more reſolved to change his lodgings, and delivered him from this houſe of inquiſition.

CHAP. X.

A MATRIMONIAL DISPUTE.

LADY Betty Vincent had a mother ſtill living, as we hinted in the preceding chapter; who, having worn out her life in vanity, cards, and all ſorts of luxury, was now turned methodiſt at ſeventy, and thought, by preſenting Heaven with the dregs of her age, to atone for all the riot and laſciviouſneſs of

of her youth. For this purpoſe, ſhe had renounced all publick diverſions, put herſelf under the tuition of the two great field-preaching apoſtles, and was become one of the warmeſt votaries of that prevailing ſect.

But, beſides the ſelf-mortification ſhe was pleaſed to undergo, her ladyſhip had likewiſe an additional ſtratagem to procure her pardon above, which ſhe thought impoſſible to fail her; and this was to take her eldeſt grand-daughter out of the temptations of a wicked, ſeducing age, into her own family, and breed her up a methodiſt: the merit of which laudable action, ſhe hoped, would compenſate all her own miſcarriages, and effectually reſtore her to the Divine favour.

Having thus laid the ſcheme of compounding matters with Heaven, and making the virtues of the grand-daughter balance, as it were, and ſet off the ſins of the grand-mother, ſhe now thought only of putting it in execution. In the firſt place, ſhe communicated her deſign to the two apoſtles; and, the moment ſhe was aſſured of their approbation, ſhe diſpatched a meſſage to her daughter, deſiring an hour's converſation with her the firſt time ſhe was at leiſure.

Lady Betty, who had great dependance on her mother, did not fail to anſwer the ſummons, and was with her very early the next morning; ſo very early, that the clock had but juſt ſtruck one; which, ſhe ſaid, was an inſtance of her uncommon filial obedience. It may be imagined the two ladies ſoon came to agreement: Lady Betty being as glad to get rid of a charge, as Lady Harridan to acquire a companion, which ſhe repreſented as the motive that induced her to take her grand-daughter into her family.

Matters being thus ſettled, Lady Betty returned home to dinner; where ſhe obſerved a ſullen ſilence till the cloth was removed, and the ſervants were carrying away the laſt things. Then it was that ſhe pleaſed to open her mouth, and bade one of the footmen tell Minikin to get Sally's cloaths and linen packed up againſt the evening. There happened at this time to be a miff ſubſiſting between her ladyſhip and the captain, and they had glouted at one another for ſeveral days without exchanging a word. She did not, therefore, vouchſafe to aſk her huſband's conſent in the ſtep ſhe was taking, nor even to inform him of it in direct terms, but left him to extract it as well as he could from this oblique meſſage, which ſhe ſent to her maid. The captain, who ſaw plainly that ſome myſtery was contained under theſe orders, had at firſt a mind to be revenged by affecting not to hear them; but curioſity prevailing over his reſentment, he ſubmitted at length to aſk whither his daughter was going.

'Why, if you will ſpend all your life 'at White's, and loſe all your money in 'play,' replied the lady, with an air of diſdain, 'I muſt diſpoſe of my children 'as well as I can, I think.'

'But what connection is there, in the 'name of God,' ſaid the captain, 'be'tween my playing at White's and your 'packing up your daughter's cloaths? 'Unleſs, perhaps, you are going to ſend 'your daughter to the Foundling Hoſ'pital.'

'Yes, perhaps I am,' cries ſhe, with a toſs of her head: 'if one can't main'tain one's children at home, they muſt 'e'en come upon the pariſh, and there's 'an end of it.'

Still the captain remained unenlightened; not a ray of information tranſpired through theſe dark ſpeeches; and, indeed, there ſeemed to be no likelihood of an eclairciſſement; for in this manner they continued to play at croſs-purpoſes with one another for ſeveral minutes. At laſt, his patience being utterly exhauſted, he inſiſted very earneſtly, and ſomewhat angrily, to know what was going to be done with his daughter. 'Why, mamma has a mind to take the 'girl to live with her, if you muſt know,' replied her ladyſhip; 'and that is going 'to be done with your daughter. If 'you will get children, without being 'able to maintain them, you may be 'thankful, methinks, to find there is 'ſomebody in the world that will take 'them off your hands.'—'Oh, Madam!' cries the captain, 'as to the article of 'begetting children, I apprehend your 'ladyſhip to be full as guilty as I am; 'and therefore that is out of the queſ'tion. But as to your mamma's taking 'them off our hands, devil take me if 'I am not exceedingly obliged to her 'for it. Your mamma is welcome to 'take them all, if ſhe pleaſes. I only 'wanted to know what was going to be 'done with the girl, and now I am moſt

'perfectly ſatisfied:' which he uttered with the moſt taunting pronunciation in the world.

There is nothing ſo exceedingly provoking as a ſneer to people enraged and enflamed with pride. The captain perceived the effect it had; and reſolving to purſue his triumph—'My dear,' added he, 'to be ſure the prudent care you 'are taking to provide for your children 'is highly commendable; but I am 'afraid your mamma will debauch the 'girl with religion: ſhe'll teach her, 'perhaps, to whine and cant, and ſay her 'prayers under the godly Mr. Whitefield.'

Lady Betty had never in her life ſhewn the leaſt regard for her mother: ſhe had married in direct oppoſition to her will, and partly out of revenge, becauſe ſhe happened at that time to have a quarrel with her, and knew her diſinclination to the match; but now, ſo much was ſhe galled with the captain's raillery, that ſhe gladly ſeized on any thing which offered as a handle of reproach. With rage, therefore, ſparkling in her eyes, and indignation glowing all over her face, ſhe cried out—'How dare you ridicule my mamma? If mamma has a 'mind to be an old doating idiot, and 'change her religion, does it become 'you, of all people, to reproach her with 'it? You have the greateſt obligations 'to her, Sir; and you may be aſhamed 'to give yourſelf ſuch airs. You ridicule my mamma! you, of all people 'in the world! 'Twould have been well 'for me, I am ſure, if I had taken mamma's advice, and never had you; for, 'you know, you brought nothing but 'your little beggarly commiſſion; and 'what is the income of a little beggarly 'commiſſion? 'Tis not ſufficient to furniſh one's pin-cuſhion with pins. And 'who, pray, was you, when I had you? 'You know you was no blood or family; and yet you pretend to ridicule 'my mamma!—You of all people!—'you! If it was not for mamma now, 'you would ſtarve—you and all your 'brats would ſtarve with want!'

When a diſpute is grown to the higheſt, eſpecially if it be a matrimonial one, all ſober argument and cool reply are nothing better than words ſpoken againſt the wind. The judicious captain, therefore, inſtead of anſwering this invective of his ſpouſe, very wiſely, in my opinion, fell a ſinging; which ſo exaſperated the fair lady, and ſo utterly overſet her patience, that ſhe ſtarted from her chair, ſwept down two or three bottles and glaſſes with her hoop-petticoat, flounced out of the room, and ruſhed up-ſtairs, ready to burſt with ſpite and indignation.

All the while this diſpute was paſſing in the parlour, our hero was the ſubject of as fierce a one among his little owners, or rather tormentors, in another room: for as the eldeſt girl was going into a different family, it was neceſſary they ſhould make a ſeparation of their playthings; and our hero being incapable of diviſion, unleſs they had carved him out into ſhares, a warm debate aroſe concerning him, both ſides obſtinately refuſing to wave their pretenſions. This, perhaps, may ſeem a little wonderful to the reader, who has been informed that they were all long ago grown tired of him: but let him conſider the tempers of this little family, begotten in ſpleen, peeviſhneſs, and pride, and I believe he will not think it unnatural, after the recent example he has ſeen of their parents, that a ſpirit of oppoſition ſhould make them contend with the greateſt vehemence for a matter of the moſt abſolute indifference to them. This was in reality the cauſe of their contention; and they would ſoon have gone together by the ears, had not their mamma appeared to decide the queſtion in favour of her eldeſt girl, whoſe claim, ſhe ſaid, was indiſputable, from the circumſtance of her finding him in the Park.

Lady Betty was hardly yet recovered from her paſſion; but being now told that Lady Harridan's coach was waiting for her at the door, ſhe compoſed her face as well as ſhe could, and mounted into it, attended by her daughter and the hero of this hiſtory.

CHAP. XI.

A STROKE AT THE METHODISTS.

THEY arrived at Lady Harridan's about ſeven o'clock in the evening, and were immediately conducted up ſtairs into her ladyſhip's dining-room, where they found a large company of women aſſembled. On the firſt ſight of ſo many ladies, I believe, our hero concluded he was got into ſome route or drum, ſuch as he had often ſeen at Lady

Tempeſt's; yet, on the other hand, he knew not well how to reconcile many appearances with ſuch a ſuppoſition. He ſaw no cards, he heard no laughing: the ſolemn faces of the ſervants, who now and then appeared; the ſober looks of the company; every thing ſeemed to inform him, that pleaſure never could be the cauſe of this aſſembly. It was, indeed, a ſiſterhood of the godly, met together to bewail the vanities of human life, and congratulate one another on their common good-luck, in breaking away from the enchantments of a ſinful world.

The cauſes which had converted them to methodiſm were almoſt as various as the ſeveral characters of the converts. Some, the ill-ſucceſs of their charms had driven to deſpair; others, a conſciouſneſs of too great ſucceſs had touched with repentance; and both theſe terminated in ſuperſtitious melancholy. Diſappointed love and criminal amour, though oppoſite in nature, here wrought the ſame effects. Thunder and lightning, ill-omened dreams, earthquakes, vapours, ſmall-pox, all had their converts in this religious collection: but far the moſt part of them, like the noble preſident, were women fatigued and worn out in the vanities of life, the battered and ſuper-annuated jades of pleaſure, who, being grown ſick of themſelves, and weary of the world, were now fled to methodiſm, merely as the neweſt ſort of folly that had lately been invented.

'——Species non omnibus una,
'Nec diverſa tamen; qualem decet eſſe ſo-
'rorum.'

The appearance of Lady Betty, in ſuch a company as this, was like a waſp's invading a neſt of drones: ſhe was too ſpirited, too much dreſſed, too worldly, to be agreeable to them; and they, in return, gave as little pleaſure to her. In ſhort, ſhe very ſoon found herſelf out of her element; and, after ſitting a few minutes only, roſe up, and began to make her departing curtſeys.

'Why, ſure, you are not going, Lady 'Betty?' cried the mother. 'I preſumed 'upon your ſtaying the evening with 'us.'

'No, thank you,' replied the daughter; 'another time, if you pleaſe, mam-'ma: but you ſeem to be all too reli-'gious abundantly for me at preſent! 'I can't afford to ſay my prayers above 'once a week, mamma; and 'tis not 'Sunday to-day, according to my cal-'culation.'

'For ſhame!—for ſhame, my dear!— 'don't indulge ſuch levity of diſcourſe!' ſaid Lady Harridan. 'Let me prevail on 'you to ſtay, Lady Betty; and I am 'ſure we ſhall make a convert of you. 'There's that tranquillity, my dear, that 'compoſure, that ſerenity of mind, at-'tending methodiſm, that, I am ſure, 'no perſon, who judges fairly, can re-'fuſe to embrace it! Pleaſure, my dear, 'is all vanity and folly, an unquiet, 'empty, tranſient deluſion! Believe me, 'child, I have experienced it; I have 'proved the vanity of it; and, depend 'upon't, ſooner or later, you will come 'to the ſame way of thinking.'

'Very likely I may,' replied Lady Betty: 'but you'll give me leave to grow 'a little wickeder firſt, won't you, mam-'ma? I have not ſins enough at preſent; 'I am not quite wicked enough as yet 'to turn methodiſt.'

'Fie! fie! don't encourage that li-'centiouſneſs of converſation!' cries the old lady. 'You ſhock me, my dear, be-'yond meaſure; you make my blood 'run cold again to hear you! But let 'me beſeech you to ſtay; and you'll 'have the pleaſure of hearing the dear 'Whitefield talk on this ſubject; we ex-'pect him every minute.'

'Do you?' ſays Lady Betty; 'then, 'upon my honour, I'll hie me away this 'moment; for I'll promiſe you, mamma, 'I have not the leaſt deſire or curioſity 'to hear the dear Whitefield: and ſo 'your ſervant—ladies, your ſervant!' Having ſaid this, ſhe bruſhed down ſtairs, and left the company aſtoniſhed at her prophaneneſs.

As Lady Betty went out, the dear Whitefield and his brother apoſtle entered, who were the only people wanting to compleat this religious collection. On their appearance the myſteries began, and they all fell to lamenting the wickedneſs of their former lives. The great guilt of loving cards, the exceeding ſinfulneſs of having been fond of dancing in their youthful days, were enumerated as ſins of the moſt atrocious quality; whilſt other crimes, of a nature perhaps not inferior to theſe, were very prudently kept out of ſight. Then Mr. Whitefield began to preach the hiſtory of his life, and related the many combats and deſpe-

rate

rate encounters he had had with the devil; how Satan confined him to his chamber once at college, and permitted him not to eat for ſeveral days together; with ten thouſand other malicious pranks played by the prince of darkneſs on the body of that unfortunate adventurer, if we may believe his own journals. He proceeded, in the next place, to deſcribe the many miracles which Heaven had wrought in his favour; how it ceaſed to rain once, and the ſun broke out on a ſudden, juſt as he was beginning to preach on Kennington Common; with a million more equally ſtupendous prodigies, which ſhew how great an intereſt Heaven takes in all the actions of that religious mountebank. When the company had enjoyed enough of this ſpiritual and ſuſpirious converſation, they proceeded, in the laſt place, to ſinging pſalms; and this concluded the ſuperſtition of the evening.

All the former part of the time, our hero ſat very compoſed and quietly before the fire; but when they began to chant their hymns, ſurprized and aſtoniſhed with the novelty of this proceeding, he fell to howling with the moſt ſonorous accent, and in a key much higher than any of the ſcreaming ſiſters. Nor was this all; for preſently afterwards, Mr. Wh——d attempting to ſtroke him, he ſnarled, and bit his finger: which being the ſelf-ſame indignity that Lucian formerly offered to the hand of a ſimilar impoſtor, we thought it not beneath the dignity of this hiſtory to relate it. To ſay the truth, I believe he had taken ſome diſguſt to that exceeding pious gentleman; for, beſides theſe two inſtances of ill-behaviour, he was guilty of a much greater rudeneſs the next day to his works.

Lady Harridan, as ſoon as ſhe aroſe the next morning, ſent for her little grand-daughter immediately into her cloſet, and made her repeat ſome long methodiſtical prayers; after which, ſhe heard her read ſeveral pages out of the apoſtle's journal, and then they went to breakfaſt; but, by miſtake, left poor Pompey ſhut up in the cloſet. The little priſoner ſcratched very impatiently to be releaſed, and made various attempts to open the door; but not having the good fortune to ſucceed, he leaped upon the table, and wantonly did his occaſions on the field-preacher's memoirs, which lay open upon it. Whether this was done to expreſs his contempt of the book, or merely from an incapacity of ſuppreſſing his needs, is hardly poſſible for us to determine; though we are ſenſible how much it would exalt him in the reader's eſteem, to aſcribe it to the former motive: and, indeed, it muſt be confeſſed, that his chuſing to drop his ſuperfluities on ſo particular a ſpot, may very well countenance ſuch a ſuſpicion; but, unleſs we had the talents of Æſop to interpret the ſentiments of brutes, it will for ever be impoſſible to come at the truth of this important affair.

However that be, Lady Harridan unfortunately returned to her cloſet ſoon afterwards, and ſaw the crime he had been guilty of. Rage and indignation ſparkled in her eyes; ſhe rang her bell inſtantly with the greateſt fury; and, on the appearance of a footman, ordered him immediately to be hanged. His young miſtreſs, whoſe love for him had long ſince cooled, and who, beſides, feared her grand-mamma's reſentment, did not think proper to oppoſe the ſentence. He was had away, therefore, that moment, to execution; which, I dare ſay, courteous reader, thou art extremely glad to hear, as it would put a period to his hiſtory, and prevent thee from miſpending any more of thy precious time. But, alas! thy hopes are vain; thy labours are not yet at an end. The footman, who happened to have ſome few grains of compaſſion in his nature, inſtead of obeying his lady's orders, ſold him that day for a pint of porter to an alehouſe-keeper's daughter in Tyburn Road. Here, then, gentle friend, if thou art tired, let me adviſe thee to deſiſt, and fall aſleep; or, if perchance thy ſpirits are freſh, and thou doſt not yet begin to yawn, proceed on courageouſly, and thou wilt, in good time, arrive at the end of thy journey.

CHAP. XII.

THE HISTORY OF A MODISH MARRIAGE—THE DESCRIPTION OF A COFFEE-HOUSE—AND A VERY GRAVE POLITICAL DEBATE ON THE GOOD OF THE NATION.

POMPEY was ſold, as we have juſt obſerved, to an alehouſe-keeper's daughter, for the valuable conſideration of

of a pint of porter. This amiable young lady was then on the point of marriage with a hackney-coachman, and ſoon afterwards the nuptials were conſummated to the great joy of the two ancient families, who were by this means ſure of not being extinct. As ſoon as the ceremony was over at the Fleet, the new-married couple ſet out to celebrate their wedding at the Old Blue Boar in Tyburn Road, and the bride was conducted home at night dead-drunk to her new apartments in a garret in Smithfield.

This faſhionable pair had ſcarce been married three days before they began to quarrel on a very faſhionable ſubject. For the civil well-bred huſband coming home one night from his ſtation, and expecting the cow-heels to have been ready for his ſupper, found his lodgings empty, and his darling ſpouſe abroad. At about eleven o'clock ſhe came flouncing into the room, and telling him, with great *gaietè de cœur*, that ſhe had been at the play, began to deſcribe the ſeveral ſcenes of Hamlet Prince of Denmark. Judge if this was not provocation too great for a hackney-coachman's temper. He fell to exerciſing his whip in a moſt outrageous manner, and ſhe applying herſelf no leſs readily to more deſperate weapons, a moſt bloody fray enſued between them; in which the coachman had like to have been ſtabbed with a penknife, and his fair ſpouſe was obliged to keep her bed near a month with the bruiſes ſhe received in this horrid rencounter.

Pompey now moſt ſenſibly felt the ill effects of his former luxury, which ſerved only to aggravate the miſeries of his preſent condition. The coarſe fare he met with in rooffleſs garrets, or cellars under ground, were but indelicate morſels to one who had formerly lived on ragouts and fricaſſees; and he found it very difficult to ſleep on hard and naked floors, who had been uſed to have his limbs cuſhioned upon ſophas and couches. But luckily for him, his favour with his miſtreſs procured him the hatred of his maſter, who ſold him a ſecond time to a nymph of Billingſgate for a pennyworth of oyſters.

His ſituation indeed was not mended for the preſent by this means, but it put him in a way to be releaſed the ſooner from a courſe of life ſo ill-ſuited to his conſtitution or his temper. For this delicate fiſherwoman, as ſhe went her rounds, carried him one evening to a certain coffee-houſe near the Temple, where the lady behind the bar was immediately ſtruck with his beauty, and with no great difficulty prevailed on the gentle water-nymph to ſurrender him for a dram of brandy.

His fortunes now began to wear a little better aſpect, and he ſpent his time here agreeably enough in liſtening to the converſations and diſputes that aroſe in the coffee-room among people of all denominations; for here aſſembled wits, critics, templars, politicians, poets, country ſquires, grave tradeſmen, and ſapient phyſicians.

The little conſiſtories of wit claimed his firſt attention, being a dog of a natural turn for humour, and he took a pleaſure to hear young templars criticiſe the works of Shakeſpeare, call Mr. Garrick to account every evening for his action, extol the beauty of actreſſes, and reputation of whores.

When he was tired of the clubs of humour, he would betake himſelf to another table, and liſtened to a junto of politicians, who uſed to aſſemble here in an evening with the moſt publick-ſpirited views; namely, to ſettle the affairs of the nation, and point out the errors of the miniſtry. Here he has heard the government arraigned in the moſt abuſive manner, for what the government never performed or thought of; and the loweſt ribaldry of a dirty newſpaper, cried up as the higheſt touches of attick irony. He has heard ſea-fights condemned by people who never ſaw the ſea even through a teleſcope; and the general of an army called to account for his diſpoſition of a battle, by men whoſe knowledge of war never reached beyond a cock match.

A curious converſation of this kind paſſed one day in his hearing, which I ſhall beg leave to relate as a little ſpecimen of coffee-houſe oratory. It happened at the end of the late rebellion; and the chief orator of the club began as uſual with aſſerting that the rebellion was promoted by the miniſtry for ſome private ends of their own. 'What was the reaſon,' ſaid he, 'of it's being diſbelieved ſo long? 'Why was our army abſent at ſuch a 'critical conjuncture? I ſhould be glad 'to hear any man anſwer me theſe queſ-'tions. They may think perhaps they 'are acting all this while in ſecret, and 'applaud themſelves for their cunning; 'but I believe I know more than they 'would wiſh me to know. Thank God

'I can

'I can ſee a little, if I pleaſe to open my 'eyes. 'Zounds, old Walpole is behind 'the curtain ſtill, notwithſtanding his 'reſignation, and the old game is play-'ing over again, whatever they may pre-'tend. There was a correſpondence be-'tween Walpole and Fleury, to my 'knowledge, and they projected between 'them all the evils that have ſince hap-'pened to the nation.'

The company all ſeemed to agree with this eloquent gentleman's ſentiments; and one of them ventured to ſay, he believed the army was ſent into Flanders, on purpoſe to be out of the way at the time of the inſurrection. ''Zounds,' ſays the orator, 'I believe you are in the right, 'and the wind blew them over againſt 'their inclinations. Pox! What made 'What-d'ye-callum's army diſperſe as 'it did? let any body anſwer me that, if 'they are able. Don't you think they 'had orders from above to run away? 'By G—d I do, if you don't, and I be-'lieve I could prove it too, if I was to 'ſet about it. Beſides, if they have any 'deſire of preventing future invaſions 'from France, why don't they ſend out 'and burn all their ſhipping? Why don't 'they ſend out Vernon with a ſtrong 'fleet, and let him burn all their ſhip-'ping? I warrant him, if he had a pro-'per commiſſion in his pocket, he would 'not leave a harbour or a ſhip in France; 'but they know they don't dare do it for 'fear of diſcoveries; they are in league 'with the French miniſtry; or elſe, 'damme, can any thing be ſo eaſy as to 'take and burn all the ſhipping in France?'

A gentleman, who had hitherto ſat ſilent at the table, replied, with a ſneer on his countenance—'No, Sir, nothing in 'the world can be ſo eaſy, except talk-'ing about it.' This drew the eyes of the company upon him, and every one began to wink at his neighbour, when the orator reſumed the diſcourſe in the follow-ing manner. 'Talk, Sir! no faith, we 'are come to that paſs, that we don't 'dare talk now-a-days; things are come 'to ſuch a paſs, that we don't dare open 'our mouths.'—'Sir,' ſaid the gentle-man, 'I think you have been talking al-'ready with great licentiouſneſs; and let 'me add too, with great indecency on a 'very ſerious ſubject.'—'Zounds, Sir, ſaid the orator, 'may not I have the liberty 'of ſpeaking my mind freely upon any 'ſubject that I pleaſe? why we don't live 'in France, Sir; you forget ſurely. 'This is England, this is honeſt Old 'England, Sir, and not a Mahometan 'empire; though God knows how long 'we ſhall continue ſo in the way we are 'going on; and yet, forſooth, we muſt 'not talk; our mouths are to be ſewed 'up as well as our purſes taken from us. 'Here we are paying four ſhillings in the 'pound, and yet we muſt not ſpeak our 'minds freely.'—'Sir,' ſaid the gentle-man, 'undoubtedly you may ſpeak your 'mind freely; but the laws of your 'country oblige you not to ſpeak trea-'ſon, and the laws of good-manners 'ſhould diſpoſe you to ſpeak with decen-'cy and reſpect of your governors. You 'ſay, Sir, we are come to that paſs, that 'we dare not talk. I proteſt, that is very 'extraordinary; and if I was called upon 'to anſwer this declaration, I would ra-'ther ſay we are come to that paſs now-'a-days, that we talk with more viru-'lence and ill-language than ever. We 'talk upon ſubjects which it is impoſſi-'ble we ſhould underſtand, and advance 'aſſertions which we know to be falſe. 'Bold affirmations againſt the govern-'ment are believed merely from the dint 'of aſſurance with which they are ſpoken, 'and the idleſt jargon often paſſes for the 'ſoundeſt reaſoning. Give me leave to 'ſay, you, Sir, are a living example of 'the lenity of that government, which 'you are abuſing for want of lenity, 'and your own practice in the ſtrongeſt 'manner confutes your own aſſertions: 'but I beg we may call another ſubject.'

Here the orator having nothing more to reply, was reſolved to retire from a place where he could no longer make a figure. Wherefore, flinging down his reckon-ing, and putting on his hat with great vehemence, he walked away muttering ſurlily to himſelf—'Things are come to 'a fine paſs truly, if people may not have 'the liberty of talking.' The reſt of the company ſeparated ſoon afterwards, all of them harbouring no very favourable opi-nion of the gentleman, who had taken the courage to ſtand up in defence of the government. Some imagined he was a ſpy, others concluded he was a writer of the gazettes, and the moſt part were con-tented with only thinking him a fool.

The angry orator was no ſooner got home to his family, and ſeated in his el-bow-chair at ſupper, than he began to give vent to the indignation he had been collecting. 'Zounds,' ſaid he, I have 'been called to account for my words

'to-night,

'to-night. I have been told by a jack-'a-napes at the coffee-house, that I must 'not say what I please against the govern-'ment. Talk with decency indeed! a 'fart of decency! Let them act with de-'cency, if they have a mind to stop peo-'ple's mouths. Talk with decency! d—mn 'em all, I'll talk what I please, 'and no king or minister on earth shall 'controul me. Let 'em behead me, if 'they have a mind, as they did Balme-'rino, and t'other fellow, that died like 'a coward. Must I be catechized by a 'little sycophant that kisses the a—e of 'a minister? What is an Englishman, 'that dares not utter his sentiments freely? 'Talk with decency! I wish I had kick-'ed the rascal out of the coffee-house, 'and I will if ever I meet him again, 'd'mme! Pox! we are come to a fine 'pass, if every little prating, pragmatical 'jack-a-napes, is to contradict a true-'born Englishman.'

While his wife and daughter sat trembling at the vehemence of his speeches, yet not daring to speak for fear of drawing his rage on themselves, he began to curse them for their silence; and addressing himself to his wife—'Why do'st not 'speak? crieshe: 'what, I suppose, I shall 'have you telling me by-and-by too, 'that I must talk with decency.'—'My 'dear,' said the wife, with great humility, 'I know nothing at all of the mat-'ter.'—'No,' cries he, 'I believe not; but 'you might know to dress a supper, 'though, and be d-mn'd to you—Here's 'nothing that I can eat according to cus-'tom. Pox! a man may starve with such 'a wife at the head of his family.'

When the cloth was removed, and he was preparing to fill his pipe, unfortunately he could not find his tobacco-stopper, which again set his choler at work. 'Go up stairs, Moll!' said he to one of his daughters, 'and feel in my old 'breeches pocket—D-mme, I believe 'that scoundrel at the coffee-house has 'robbed me with his decency. Why 'dost not stir, girl? what, hast got the 'cramp in thy toes?'—'Why, papa,' said the girl flippantly, 'I am going as 'fast as I can.' Upon which, immediately he threw a bottle at her head, and proceeding from invective to blows, he beat his wife, kicked his daughters, swore at his servants; and, after all this, went reeling up to bed with curses in his mouth against the tyranny of the government.

Nothing can be more common than examples in this way, of people who preside over their families with the most arbitrary brutal severity, and yet are ready on all occasions to abuse the government for the smallest exertion of it's power. To say the truth, I scarce know a man who is not a tyrant in miniature, over the circle of his own dependants; and I have observed those in particular to exercise the greatest lordship over their inferiors, who are most forward to complain of oppression from their superiors. Happy is it for the world, that this coffee-house statesman was not born a king, for one may very justly apply to him the line of Martial—

'Hei mihi! si fueris tu leo, qualis eris?'

CHAP. XIII.

A DESCRIPTION OF COUNSELLOR TANTURIAN.

BUT among the many people who frequented this coffee-house, Pompey was delighted with nobody more than with the person of counsellor Tanturian; who used to crawl out once a week, to read all the public papers from Monday to Monday, at the moderate price of a penny. His dress and character were both so extraordinary, as will excuse a short digression upon them.

He set out originally with a very humble fortune at the Temple, not without hopes, however, of arriving, some time or other, at the chancellor's seat: but having tried his abilities once or twice at the bar, to little purpose, nature soon whispered in his ear, that he was never designed for an orator. He attended the judges, indeed, after this, through two or three circuits, but finding his gains by no means equivalent to his expences, he thought it most prudent to decline the noisy forum, and content himself with giving advice to clients in a chamber. Either his talents here also were deficient, or fame had not sufficiently divulged his merit, but his chamber was seldom disturbed with visitors, and he had few occasions to envy the tranquillity of a country life, according to the lawyer in Horace—

Agricolam laudat juris legumque peritus,
Sub Galli cantum consultor ubi ostia pulsat.

His temper grew ſoured and unſocial by miſcarriages; and the narrowneſs of his fortune obliging him to a ſtrict frugality, he ſoon degenerated into avarice. The ruſt of money is very apt to infect the ſoul; and people whoſe circumſtances condemn them to œconomy, in time grow miſers from very habit. This was the caſe with Counſellor Tanturian, who having quite diſcarded the reliſh of pleaſure, and finding his little pittance by that means more than adequate to his expences, reſolved to apply the overplus to the laudable purpoſes of uſury. This noble occupation he had followed a long time, and by it accumulated a ſum of ten thouſand pounds, which his heart would not ſuffer him to enjoy, though he had neither relation or friend to leave it to at his death. He lived almoſt conſtantly alone in a dirty chamber, denying himſelf every comfort of life, and half ſtarved for want of ſuſtenance. Neither love, nor ambition, nor joy, diſturbed his repoſe; his paſſions all centered in money, and he was a kind of ſavage within doors.

The furniture of his perſon was not leſs curious than his character. At home indeed, he wore nothing but a greaſy flannel cap about his head, and a dingy night-gown about his body; but when he went abroad, he arrayed himſelf in a ſuit of black, of full twenty years ſtanding, and very like in colour to what is worn by undertakers at a funeral. His periuke, which had once adorned the head of a judge in the reign of Queen Anne, ſpread copiouſly over his back, and down his ſhoulders. By his ſide hung an aged ſword, long ruſted in it's ſcabbard; and his black ſilk ſtockings had been ſo often darned with a different material, that, like Sir John Cutler's, they were now metamorphoſed into black worſted ſtockings.

Such was Counſellor Tanturian, who once a week came to read the newſpapers at the coffee-houſe where Pompey lived. A dog of any talents for humour could not help being diverted with his appearance, and our hero found great pleaſure in playing him tricks, in which he was ſecretly encouraged by every body in the coffee-room. At firſt, indeed, he never ſaw him without barking at him, as at a monſter juſt dropped out of the moon; but when time had a little reconciled him to his figure, he entertained the company every time he came with ſome new prank at the counſellor's expence. Once he ran away with his ſpectacles; at another time he laid violent teeth on his ſhirt, which hung out of his breeches, and ſhook it, to the great diverſion of all beholders. But what occaſioned more laughter than any thing, was a trick that follows.

Tanturian had been tempted one day, by two old acquaintances, to indulge his genius at a tavern; where he complained highly of the expenſiveneſs of the dinner, though it conſiſted only of a beef-ſteak and two fowls. That nothing might be loſt, he took an opportunity, unobſerved by the company, to ſlip the leg of a pullet into his pocket; intending to carry it home for his ſupper at night. In his way he called at the coffee-houſe, where little Pompey, playing about him as uſual, unfortunately happened to ſcent the proviſion in the counſellor's pocket. Tanturian, mean time, was ſo deeply engaged with his newſpaper, that he never attended to the motions of the dog, who getting ſlily behind him, thruſt his head into the pocket, and boldly ſeizing the ſpoils, diſplayed them in triumph to the ſight of the whole room. The poor counſellor could not ſtand the laugh, but retired home in a melancholy mood, vexed at the diſcovery, and more vexed at the loſs of his ſupper.

But theſe diverſions were ſoon interrupted by a moſt unlucky accident; and our hero, unfortunate as he has hitherto been, is now going to ſuffer a turn of fate more grievous than any he yet has known. Following the maid one evening into the ſtreets, he unluckily miſſed her at the turning of an alley, and happening to take a wrong way, prowled out of his knowledge before he was aware. He wandered about the ſtreets for many hours, in vain endeavouring to explore his way home; in which diſtreſs his memory brought back the cruel chance that had ſeparated him from his beſt miſtreſs Lady Tempeſt, and this reflection aggravated his miſery beyond deſcription. At laſt, a watchman picked him up, and carried him to the watch-houſe, where he ſpent his night in all the agonies of horror and deſpair. For a watch-houſe, as I dare ſay many of my readers can teſtify from experience, is not the moſt agreeable place of repoſe, either for dogs or men.

CHAP.

CHAP. XIV.

A SHORT CHAPTER, CONTAINING ALL THE WIT, AND ALL THE SPIRIT, AND ALL THE PLEASURE, OF MODERN YOUNG GENTLEMEN.

AS he was here abandoning himſelf to lamentation and deſpair, ſome other watchmen brought in two freſh priſoners to bear him company in his confinement, who, I am ſorry to ſay it, were two young lords. They were extremely diſordered, both in their dreſs and underſtanding; for champaigne was not the only enemy they had encountered that evening. One of them had loſt his coat and waiſtcoat; the other his bag and peruke, all but a little circular lock of hair which grew to his forehead, and now hanging over his eyes, added not a little to the drollery of his figure.

The generous god of the grape had caſt ſuch a miſt over their underſtandings, that they were inſenſible at firſt of the place of honour they were promoted to; but at length one of them a little recovering his wits, cried out—'What the 'devil place is this; a bawdy-houſe, or 'a preſbyterian meeting-houſe?'—'Neither, Sir,' anſwered a watchman, 'but 'the round-houſe.'—'O p—x!' ſaid his lordſhip, 'I thought you had been 'a diſſenting parſon, old Greybeard, 'and was going to preach againſt w—r-'ing; for you muſt know, old fellow, 'I am confoundedly in for it. But 'what privilege have you, Sir, to carry 'a man of honour to the round-houſe?' —'Aye,' ſaid the other, 'what right 'has ſuch an old fornicator as thou art 'to interrupt the pleaſures of men of 'quality? May not a nobleman get 'drunk without being diſturbed by a 'pack of raſcals in the ſtreets?'—'Gentlemen,' anſwered the watch, 'we are 'no raſcals, but ſervants of his Maje-'ſty King George; and his majeſty requires us to take up all people that 'commit diſorderly riots in his maje-'ſty's ſtreets.'—'You lye, you ſcoundrels!' ſaid one of their lordſhips; 'it is the prerogative of men of faſhion 'to do what the pleaſe; and I will proſecute you for a breach of privilege.—'D—mn you, my lord, I will hold you 'fifty pounds, that old prig there, in the 'great coat, is a cuckold, and he ſhall 'be judge himſelf.—How many eyes 'has your wife got, old fellow; one or 'two?'—'Well, well,' ſaid the watchman, 'your honours may abuſe us as 'much as you pleaſe; but we know we 'are doing our duty; and we will per-'form it in the king's name.'—'Your 'duty, you raſcal!' cried one of theſe men of honour, 'is immediately to fetch 'us a girl and a dozen of champaign; 'if you'll perform that, I'll ſay you are 'as honeſt an old ſon of a whore as ever 'lay with an oyſter-woman.—My dear 'Fanny! if I had but you here, and a 'dozen of Ryan's claret, I ſhould eſteem 'this round-houſe a palace.—Curſe me 'if I don't love to ſleep in a round-houſe 'ſometimes! it gives a variety to life; 'and relieves one from the inſipidneſs of 'a ſoft bed.'—'Well ſaid, my hero!' anſwered his companion; 'and theſe old 'ſcoundrels ſhall carry us before my 'lord-mayor to-morrow, for the hu-'mour of the thing. Pox take him! 'I buy all my tallow-candles of his 'lordſhip, and therefore I am ſure he'll 'uſe me like a man of honour.'

In ſuch kind of rhodomontade did theſe illuſtrious perſons conſume their night, and principally in laying wagers, which at preſent is the higheſt article of modern pleaſure; every particular of human life being reduced by the great calculators of chances to the condition of a bet. But nothing is eſteemed a more laudable topick of wagering than the lives of eminent men; which, in the elegant language of Newmarket, is called running lives; that is to ſay, a biſhop againſt an alderman, a judge againſt a keeper of a tavern; a member of parliament againſt a famous boxer; and in this manner all people's lives are wagered out, with proper allowances for their ages, infirmities, and diſtempers. Happy the nation that can produce ſuch ingenious, accompliſhed ſpirits!

Theſe two honourable peers had been ſpending their evening at a tavern, with many others; and when the rational particle was thoroughly drowned in claret, one of the company, leaping from his chair, cried out—'Who will do any 'thing?' upon which a reſolution was immediately taken to make a ſally into the ſtreets, and drink champaigne upon the horſe at Charing Croſs. This was no ſooner projected than executed, and they performed a great number of hero-

ical exploits, too long to be mentioned in this work, but we hope some future historian will arise to immortalize them for the sake of posterity. After this was over, they resolved to scour the streets; and perceiving a light in a cellar underground, our two heroes magnanimously descended into that subterranean cave in quest of adventures. There they found some hackney-coachmen enjoying themselves with porter and tobacco, whom they immediately attacked, and offered to box the two sturdiest champions of the company. The challenge was accepted in a moment, and whilst our heroes were engaged, the rest of the coachmen chose to make off with their cloaths, which they thought no inconsiderable booty. In short, these gentlemen of pleasure and high life were heartily drubbed, and obliged to retreat with shame from the CELLAR of battle, leaving their cloaths behind them, as spoils, at the mercy of the enemy. Soon afterwards they were taken by the watch, being too feeble to make resistance, and conducted to the round-house; where they spent their night in the manner already described. The next morning they returned home in chairs, new-dressed themselves, and then took their seats in parliament, to enact laws for the good of their country.

CHAP. XV.

OUR HERO FALLS INTO GREAT MISFORTUNES.

WHEN the watchman had discharged himself in the morning of these honourable prisoners, he next bethought himself of poor Pompey, who had fallen into his hands in a more inoffensive manner. Him he presented that day to a blind beggar of his acquaintance, who had lately lost his dog, and wanted a new guide to conduct him about the streets. Here our hero fell into the most desponding meditations. 'And was this misery,' thought he, 'reserved in store to compleat the series 'of my misfortunes? Am I destined 'to lead about the dark footsteps of a 'blind, decrepit, unworthy beggar? 'Must I go daggling through the streets, 'with a rope about my neck, linking 'me to a wretch that is the scorn of human nature? O that a rope were fixed 'about my neck indeed for a nobler 'purpose, and that I were here to end a 'dreadful, tormenting existence! Can 'I bear to hear the sound of—"Pray "remember the poor blind beggar?" I, 'who have conversed with lords and ladies; who have slept in the arms of the 'fairest beauties, and lived on the 'choicest dainties that London could 'afford. Cruel, cruel fortune! when 'will thy persecutions cease?'

Yet, to say the truth, his condition was not so deplorable upon trial as it appeared in prospect; for though he was condemned to travel through dirty streets all day long in quest of charity, at night both he and his master fared sumptuously enough on their gains; and many a lean projector, or starving poet, might envy the suppers of this blind beggar. He seldom failed to collect four or five shillings in a day, and used to sit down to his hot meals with as much statelines as a peer could to a regular entertainment and dessert.

I have heard a story of a cripple who used constantly to apply for alms at Hyde Park Corner; where a gentleman, then just recovered from a dangerous fit of sickness, never failed to give him sixpence every morning, as he passed by in his chariot for the air. A servant of this gentleman's going by chance one day into an alehouse, discovered the self-same beggar sitting down to a breast of veal with some more of the fraternity, and heard him raving at the landlord because the bur was gone, and there was no lemon ready to squeeze over it; all of them threatening to leave the house if their dinners were not served up with more regularity and respect. The footman informed his master of this extraordinary circumstance; and next morning, when the pampered hypocrite applied for alms, as usual, the gentleman put his head out of the chariot, and told him with great indignation—'No, Sir; I can eat 'veal without lemon.'

After our hero had lived in this condition some months in London, his blind master set out for Bath, whither, it seems, he always resorted in the publick seasons; not for the sake of playing at E O it may be imagined, nor yet for the pleasure of being taken out by the accomplished Mr. Nash to dance a minuet at a ball; but with the hopes of a plentiful harvest among

among infirm people, whom ill health diſpoſes to charity. The ſcience of begging is reduced to certain principles of art, as well as all other profeſſions; and as ſickneſs is apt to influence people with compaſſion, the objects of charity flock thither in great numbers; for wherever the carrion is, there will the crows be alſo.

The many adventures that befel them on their journey; how terribly our hero was fatigued with travelling through miry highways, who had been uſed to ride in coaches and ſix; and how often he wiſhed his blind tyrant would drop dead with an apoplexy; ſhall all be left to the reader's imagination. Suffice it to ſay, that in about three weeks or a month's time, they arrived at the end of their journey, and the beggar readily groped out his way to a certain ale-houſe, which he always favoured with his company; where the landlord received him with great reſpect, profeſſing much ſatisfaction to find his honour ſo well in health. By this the reader will perceive that he was a beggar of ſome diſtinction.

If our hero made any reflection, he could not help being ſurprized at ſuch civility, paid to ſuch a perſon in ſuch a place; but how much greater reaſon had he for aſtoniſhment, when on the evening of their arrival, he ſaw a well-dreſſed woman enter the room, and accoſt his maſter in the following terms: 'Papa, 'how do you do? You are welcome to 'Bath.' The beggar no ſooner heard her voice, than he ſtarted from his chair, and gave her a paternal kiſs; which the fair lady received with an air of ſcorn and indifference, telling him he had poiſoned her with his buſhy beard. When this ceremony was over, ſhe threw herſelf into an arm-chair, and began to harangue in the following manner. 'Well, 'papa, ſo you are come to Bath at laſt; 'I thought we ſhould not have ſeen you 'this ſeaſon, and I have immediate ne'ceſſity for a ſum of money. Sure no 'mortal ever had ſuch luck at cards as I 'have had! You muſt let me have five 'or ten pounds directly.'—'Five or ten 'pounds!' cries the beggar in amaze; 'how, in the devil's name, ſhould I come 'by five or ten pounds?'—'Come, 'come, no words,' cried the daughter; 'for I abſolutely muſt and will have it in 'ſpite of your teeth. I know you are 'worth above a hundred pounds; and 'what can you do with your money bet'ter than to give it me to make a figure 'in life with? Deuce take the men! 'they are grown ſo plaguy modeſt, or 'ſo plaguy ſtingy, that really 'tis hardly 'worth coming to Bath now in the ſea'ſons. Hang me if I have had a cull 'this twelvemonth! But do you know, 'old dad, that brother Jack's at the 'Bath?'

'Oh,' cries the beggar, 'there is ano'ther of my plagues! I ſhall have him 'dunning me for money too very ſoon, 'I ſuppoſe, for the devil cannot anſwer 'the extravagancies of that fellow. 'Well, he'll certainly come to be hanged 'at laſt, that's my comfort; and I think 'the ſooner he ſwings, the better it will 'be for his poor father, and the whole 'kingdom.'

'Hanged!' replied the lady; 'no, no; 'Jack is in no danger of hanging at 'preſent, I aſſure you: he is now the 'moſt accompliſhed, modiſh, admired 'young fellow at the Bath; the pecu'liar favourite of all the ladies; and in 'a fair way of running off with a young 'heireſs of conſiderable fortune. Let 'me ſee, old dad— If you'll beſpeak 'a private room, and have a little ele'gant ſupper ready at eleven o'clock 'to-morrow night, (for Jack won't be 'able to get away from the rooms ſooner 'than eleven) I'll bring him to ſup with 'you, and you ſhall hear his hiſtory 'from his own mouth.' To this the old hypocrite her father readily conſented, and promiſed to provide ſomething decent for them; after which, ſtarting from her chair—'Well, papa,' ſaid ſhe, 'you 'muſt excuſe me at preſent, for I expect 'company at my lodgings, and ſo can't 'afford to waſte any more time with you 'in this miſerable dog-hole of an ale'houſe.' Having made this polite apology, ſhe flew to her chair, which waited at the door, and was conducted home with as much importance as if ſhe had been a princeſs of the blood.

The next day, the blind impoſtor, attended by our hero, went out on his pilgrimage, and continued whining for charity, and profaning the name of G—d till night; after which he returned to his alehouſe, put on a better coat, and got himſelf in readineſs for the reception of his ſon and daughter. At the hour appointed, theſe illuſtrious perſonages

entered

entered the room, and the converſation was opened by the ſon in the following eaſy ſtrain. 'Old boy!' cries he, ſeizing his father by the hand, 'I am glad 'to ſee thee with all my heart. Well, 'old fellow, how does your crutch and 'blind eyes do? What, you continue 'ſtill in the old canting hypocritical 'way, I perceive. Pox take you! I 'ſaw you hobbling through the ſtreets 'to-day, old miſerable; but you know 'I am aſhamed to take notice of you in 'publick; though I think I have thrown 'you down many a teſter at the corner of 'a ſtreet, without your knowing whom 'you was obliged to for ſuch a piece of 'generoſity.'

'Sir, I honour your generoſity,' replied the beggar; 'but prythee, Jack, 'they tell me you are going to be married to an heireſs of great fortune; is 'there any truth in that ſtory?'

Here the beau-ſharper took a French ſnuff-box out of his pocket, and having entertained his noſe with a pinch of rappee, replied as follows. 'Yes, Sir, my 'unaccountable ſomewhat has had the 'good luck to make a conqueſt of a little amorous tit, with an eaſy moderate 'fortune of about fifteen thouſand 'pounds, who does me the honour to 'doat on this perſon of mine to diſtraction. But pr'ythee, old Blue-beard, 'how didſt thou come by this piece of 'intelligence.'—'From that fine lady 'your ſiſter, Sir,' replied the beggar. 'O pox! I thought ſo,' cries the beau. 'Beſs can never keep any thing in her 'but her teeth, nor them neither.—Can 'you, Beſs? You underſtand me. But 'as I was ſaying, concerning this match '—Yes, Sir, I have the honour at preſent to be principal favourite of all 'the women at Bath; they are all dying 'with love of me, and I may do what I 'pleaſe with any of them: but I, Sir, 'neglecting the reſt, have ſingled out a 'little amorous wanton, with a trifling 'fortune of fifteen or twenty thouſand 'pounds only, whom I ſhall very ſoon 'whip into a chariot, I believe, and 'drive away to a parſon.'

'Lord!' cries the father, 'if ſhe did 'but know what a thief ſhe is going to 'marry!'

'Why, what then? Yon old curmudgeon! ſhe would be the more extravagantly fond of me on that account. 'Tis very faſhionable, Sir, for 'ladies to fall in love with highwaymen 'now-a-days. They think it diſcovers 'a ſoul, a genius, a ſpirit in them, above 'the little prejudices of education; and 'I believe I could not do better than 'let her know that I have returned from 'tranſportation. But pr'ythee, old Dim, 'what haſt got for ſupper to-night?'—'Nothing, I am afraid that a gentleman 'of your faſhion can condeſcend to eat,' replied the beggar; 'for I have only ordered a diſh of veal cutlets, and a couple of roaſted fowls.'—'Come, come, 'pr'ythee don't pretend to droll, old 'Blinker!' cries the ſon, 'but produce 'your muſty ſupper as faſt as you can, 'and then I'll treat you with a bottle of 'French claret. Come, let us be merry, 'and ſet in for a jovial evening. Pox! 'I have ſome little kind of ſneaking regard for thee, for begetting me, notwithſtanding your crutch and blind 'eyes, and I think I am not altogether 'ſorry to ſee thee.—Here, drawer!—'landlord!—bring up ſupper directly, 'you dog, or I'll ſet fire to your houſe!'

This extraordinary ſummons had the deſired effect; and ſupper being placed on the table, the three worthy gueſts ſat down to it with great importance. The lady took upon her to manage the ceremonies, and aſked her papa, in the firſt place, if ſhe ſhould help him to ſome veal cutlets; to which the anſwer was—'If 'you pleaſe, Madam!' When ſhe had ſerved her father, ſhe then performed the ſame office to herſelf; after which, twirling the diſh round with a familiar air—'I'll leave you,' ſaid ſhe, 'to take care 'of yourſelf, Jack!' Much mirth and pleaſantry reigned at this peculiar meal, to the utter aſtoniſhment of the maſter of the houſe, who had never ſeen the like before. When ſupper was over, and they began to feel the inſpiration of the claret—'Jack!' ſays the father, 'I think 'I know nothing of your hiſtory ſince 'you returned from tranſportation; 'ſuppoſe you ſhould begin, and entertain 'us with an account of your exploits.' —'With all my heart!' cries the ſon. 'I believe I ſhall publiſh my life one of 'theſe days, if ever I am driven to neceſſity; for I fancy it will make a very 'pretty neat duodecimo; and 'tis the faſhion, you know, now-a-days, for all 'whores and rogues to entertain the 'world with their memoirs. Come, let 'us take another glaſs round to the

'health

'health of my dear little charmer, and 'then I'll begin my adventures.' Having ſo ſaid, he filled out three bumpers, drank his toaſt on his knees, and then commenced his narration in the following manner.

CHAP. XVI.

THE HISTORY OF A HIGHWAYMAN.

'I Think you have often told me, old 'Father Hypocrite, that you begat 'me under a hedge near Newberry in 'Berkſhire. This, I confeſs, is not the 'moſt honourable way of coming into 'the world; but no man is anſwerable 'for his birth, and therefore what ſignifies prevarication? Alexander, I have 'heard, was the ſon of a flying dragon, 'and Romulus was ſuckled by a plaguy 'confounded wolf, as I have read in 'Hooke's Roman Hiſtory, and yet in 'time he grew to be a very pretty young 'fellow, and a king; but you are ignorant of theſe matters, both of you, 'and therefore I only play the fool to 'talk about them in ſuch company.

'Well, Sir, as ſoon as I was born, 'my mother, I ſuppoſe, wrapped me up 'in the dirty rags of an old rotten petticoat, and lugged me about behind her 'ſhoulders, as an object to move compaſſion. In this agreeable ſituation, 'nuzzling behind the back of a louſy 'drab—excuſe me, old fellow, for making ſo free with your conſort—in this 'ſituation, I ſuppoſe, I viſited all the 'towns in England; and it is amazing 'I was not crippled with having my feet 'and limbs bundled up in ſuch cloſe 'confinement. But I kicked hard for 'liberty; and at length came out that 'eaſy, degagé, jaunty young fellow of 'faſhion which you now behold me.

'My genius very early began to ſhew 'itſelf; and before I was twelve years 'old, you know, I had acquired a great 'reputation for ſlight of hand: which 'being reported to a great maſter of that 'ſcience, he immediately took me under his care, and promiſed to initiate 'me into all the myſteries of the art. 'Thus I bade adieu to the dirty employment of begging, left father and 'mother, and ſtruck into a higher ſphere 'in life.

'At firſt, indeed, I meddled only with 'petty larceny, and was ſent out to try 'my hand on execution-days at Tyburn; 'where, having acquitted myſelf with 'honour, I was quickly promoted to 'better buſineſs; and by that time I 'was fifteen, began to make a great 'figure in the paſſages about the theatres. Many a gentleman's fob have 'I eaſed of the trouble of carrying a 'watch; and, though it may look like 'vanity to ſay ſo, I believe I furniſhed 'more brokers ſhops and pedlar's boxes 'than half the pick-pockets in London 'beſides. None of them all had ſo great 'a levee of travelling Jews to traffick 'for buckles, ſeals, watches, tweezer-caſes, and the like, as I had. But my 'chief dexterity was in robbing the ladies. There is a particular art, a peculiar delicacy required, in whipping 'one's hand up a lady's petticoats, and 'carrying off her pockets, which few 'of them ever attain to with any ſucceſs. That now was my glory—that 'was my delight; I performed it to admiration, and out-did them all in this 'branch of the craft.

'I remember once, a chambermaid 'of my acquaintance, a flame of mine, 'gave me notice that her young lady 'would be at the play ſuch a night, with 'a pair of diamond-buckles in her ſhoes. 'You may be ſure I watched her into 'her coach, marked her into her box, 'and waited for her coming out, with 'ſome more of the fraternity to aſſiſt 'me. At laſt, as ſoon as the play was 'over, out ſhe came, tittering and laughing with her companions, who, by 'good-luck, happened to be all of her 'own ſex. This now was my time; I 'had her up in my arms in a moment, 'while one of my comrades whipped 'off her ſhoes with prodigious expedition. But my reaſon for telling the 'ſtory is this: while I had her in my 'arms, let me die if I could help giving 'her a kiſs; which, hang me! if the 'little trembler did not ſeem to return, 'with her heart panting, and breaſts 'heaving! Deuce take me, if I was 'not almoſt ſorry afterwards to ſee her 'walking to her coach without any 'ſhoes upon her feet!

'Well, Sir, this was my courſe of 'life for a few years. But ambition, 'you know, is a thing never to be ſatisfied; and having gained all the glory 'I could in this way, my next ſtep of

'promotion

'promotion was to the gaming-tables. 'Here I played with great ſucceſs a long 'while, and ſhared in the fleecing many 'raw young cullies, who had more mo-'ney than wit. But one unfortunate 'night, the devil, or my evil genius, 'carried me to a maſquerade; and there, 'in the ill-omened habit of a fryer, be-'ing fool enough to play upon an ho-'nourable footing, I loſt all I had to a 'few ſhillings. This was a confounded 'ſtroke—this was a ſtunning blow to 'me! I lay a-bed all the next day, rav-'ing at my ill-fortune, and beating my 'brains, to think I could be ſuch an 'aſs as to play upon the ſquare. At 'laſt, in a fit of deſpair, I ſtarted out of 'bed about nine or ten o'clock at night, 'borrowed a friend's horſe, bought a 'ſecond-hand pair of poppers with the 'little ſilver that was left me, and away 'I rode full gallop, night and rainy as 'it was, for Hounſlow Heath. There I 'wandered about, half-dead with cold 'and fear, till morning; and, to ſay the 'truth, began to grow deviliſh ſick of 'my buſineſs. When day broke, the 'firſt object that preſented itſelf to my 'eyes, I remember, was a gallows within 'a hundred yards of me. This ſeemed 'plaguy ominous; and I was very near 'riding back to London without ſtrik-'ing a ſtroke. At laſt, while I was 'wavering in this ſtate of uncertainty, 'behold, a ſtage-coach comes gently, 'ſoftly ambling over the Heath. "Cou-"rage, my heart!" cries I; "there can "be no fear of reſiſtance here; a ſtage-"coach is the moſt lucky thing in the "world for a young adventurer!" And 'ſo ſaying, I clapped on my maſk, (the 'ſame I had worn the night before at 'the Hay Market) ſet ſpurs to my horſe, 'and preſented my piſtol at the coach-'window. How the paſſengers behaved 'I know not: for my own part, I was 'more than half-blind with fear; and 'taking what they gave me without any 'expoſtulation, away I rode, exceedingly 'well ſatisfied to have eſcaped without 'reſiſtance. Taking courage, however, 'at this ſucceſs, I attacked another ſtage-'coach with greater bravery; and af-'terwards a third, with ſo much mag-'nanimity, that I even ventured to ſearch 'ſome of the paſſengers, who, I thought, 'defrauded me of my due. Here, now, 'I ſhould have left off, and all had been 'well: but that devil Avarice prompting 'me to get a little more, I attacked a 'ſingle horſeman, and plundered him of 'a watch, and about thirty guineas. 'The ſcoundrel ſeemed to purſue his 'journey quietly enough; but meeting 'afterwards with ſome of his friends on 'the road, and relating his caſe to them, 'they all agreed to purſue me. Mean-'while, Sir, I was jogging on content-'edly at my eaſe; when turning round 'on a ſudden, I ſaw this tremendous 'grazier, and two or three more bloody-'minded fellows, that ſeemed each as 'big as a giant, in full purſuit of me. 'Away I daſhed through thick and 'thin, as if the devil drove: but being 'wretchedly mounted, I was ſurround-'ed, apprehended, carried before that 'infernal Sir Thomas Deveil, and he 'committed me.

'Now I was in a ſweet condition! 'This was a charming revolution in my 'life! Newgate, and the proſpect of 'a gallows, furniſh a man with very 'agreeable reflections. O that curſed 'Old Bailey! I ſhall never forget the 'ſentence which the hum-drum ſon of 'a whore of a judge paſſed upon me!— "You ſhall hang till you are dead, dead, "dead!" Faith, I was more than half-'dead with hearing it; and in that 'plight I was dragged back to my pri-'ſon!

'Excellent lodging in the condemned-'hole! Pretty muſick the death-warrant 'rings in a man's ears! But, as good-'luck would have it, while I was ex-'pecting every hour to be tucked up, his 'majeſty (G—d bleſs him!) took pity 'on me the very day before execution, 'and ſent me a reprieve for tranſporta-'tion. To deſcribe the tranſport I felt 'at this moment would be impoſſible! 'I was half mad with joy; and, inſtead 'of reflecting that I was going to ſla-'very, fancied myſelf going to Heaven. 'The being ſhipped off for Jamaica 'was ſo much better a voyage, I thought, 'than ferrying over that ſame River 'Styx with old Gaffar Charon, that I 'never once troubled myſelf about what 'I was to ſuffer when I got thither.

'Not to be tedious, (for I hate a long 'ſtory) to Jamaica I went, with a full 'reſolution of making my eſcape by the 'firſt opportunity; which I very ſoon 'accompliſhed. After leading the life 'of a dog for about a year and a half, 'I got on board a ſhip which was com-

'ing

'ing for England, and arrived ſafe and 'ſound on the coaſt of Cornwall. "My "dear native country! how it revived "my heart to ſee thee again!—O Lon-"don! London! no woman of quality, "after ſuffering the vapours for a whole "ſummer in the country, ever ſighed "after thee with greater deſire than I "did!" But as I landed without a far-'thing of money in my pocket, I was 'obliged to beg my way up to town in 'the habit of a ſailor, telling all the 'way the confoundedſt lyes; how I had 'been taken by pirates, and fought with 'the Moors, who were going to eat me 'alive, and twenty other unaccountable 'ſtories, to chouſe ſilly women of a few 'halfpence.

'Well, at laſt, I entered the dear old 'metropolis, and went immediately in 'queſt of a gang of ſharpers, which I 'formerly frequented. Theſe jovial 'blades were juſt then ſetting out for 'Newmarket races, and very gene-'rouſly took me into their party. They 'ſupplied me with cloaths, lent me a 'little money to begin with, and, in 'ſhort, ſet me up again in the world. 'There is nothing like courage; it is 'the life, the ſoul, of buſineſs. Ac-'cordingly, on the very firſt day's ſport, 'having marked out the horſe that I 'ſaw was the favourite of the knowing 'ones, I offered great odds, made as 'many bets as I could, and truſted my-'ſelf to Fortune; reſolving to ſcamper 'off the courſe as hard as I could drive, 'if I ſaw her likely to declare againſt 'me. But, as it happened, to make 'amends for her former ill-uſage, the 'jade now decided in my favour: it was 'quite a HOLLOW THING; Goliah won 'the day, and I pocketed up about three-'ſcore guineas. Of this I made excel-'lent uſe at the gaming-tables; and, in 'ſhort, when the week was over, carried 'away from New-Market a cool three 'hundred. Now, my dear Beſs, I was 'a man again: I returned immediately 'to London, equipped myſelf with laced-'cloaths, rattled down to Bath in a 'poſt-chaiſe, gave myſelf out for the 'eldeſt ſon of Sir Jeremy Griſkin of the 'kingdom of Ireland, and ſtruck at 'once into all the joys of high-life. 'This is a little epitome of my hiſtory. 'Having been a pick-pocket, a ſharper, 'a ſlave, and a highwayman, I am now 'the peculiar favourite of all the ladies 'at Bath.'

Here the beau finiſhed his ſtory, and ſat expecting the applauſes of his com-pany, which he very ſoon received on the part of his ſiſter: but as to that worthy gentleman his father, he had been faſt aſleep for ſeveral minutes, and did not hear the concluſion of this wonderful hiſtory. Being now waked by ſilence, and the ceſſation of his ſon's voice, as he had been before lulled to ſleep by his talking, he cried out from the midſt of a doze—'So, ſhe's a very fine girl, is ſhe, 'Jack? A very fine girl?'

'Who is a very fine girl?' cries the ſharper, ſlapping him over the ſhoulder. 'Why, zounds! thou art aſleep, old 'miſerable, and doſt not know a ſyllable 'of what has been ſaid!'

'Yes, Sir, I do know what has been 'ſaid,' returned the father; 'and there-'fore you need not beat one ſo, Jack! 'You was telling about going to be 'married, and going to Jamaica.'

'Going to Jamaica! Pox take thee! 'thou wanteſt to be going to bed. Why, 'was there ever ſuch a wretched old 'dotard? I have not ſeen thee theſe ſe-'ven or eight years; and perhaps may 'never ſee thee again, for thou wilt be 'rotten in a year or two more; and yet 'canſt not put a little life into thyſelf 'for one evening!—Come Beſs,' added he, 'let us take another bumper, and 'then bid old Drowſy good-night! Si-'lenus will ſnore, do what one can to 'prevent him. Here, my girl! here's 'proſperity to Love; and may all ſleep-'ers go to the devil!'

'Nay, nay!' cries the father; 'con-'ſider, Jack, 'tis paſt my bed-time many 'hours ago. You fine gentlemen of the 'world are able to bear theſe faſhionable 'hours; but I have been uſed to live by 'the light of the ſun. Beſides, if you 'had been drudging about after charity, 'as I have all day long, I fancy you 'would not be in a much better condi-'tion than your poor father; but really 'you ſharpers don't conſider the toil and 'trouble of earning one's bread in an 'honeſt way. Why, now, I have not 'gathered above ſix or ſeven ſhillings 'this whole day, and that won't half pay 'for our ſupper to-night.'

Here the beau beſtowed ſeveral curſes on him for his ſtingineſs; and, contemp-

tuously bidding him hoard up his miserable self, generously undertook to pay the whole. The bill was then called for, the reckoning discharged, and the company separated; having first, however, made an agreement to meet there the succeeding evening. And thus ended this illustrious compotation.

CHAP. XVII.

ADVENTURES AT THE BATH.

NEXT morning the blind beggar, conducted by our hero, went out, as usual, and presented himself before the beau-monde on the Parade. Some few people, afflicted with very ill health, were generous enough to throw him down a few sixpences; others only commended the beauty of his pretty dog; and far the greater number walked on without casting their eyes upon him.

As he was here howling forth the miseries of his condition in a most lamentable tone of voice, who should happen to pass by but his own accomplished son, in company with two ladies of figure, to whom he was talking with the greatest familiarity and ease. The gaiety of his laugh, the vivacity of his conversation, made him universally observed; and all the women on the Parade seemed to envy the happiness of the two ladies with whom he was engaged.

As the party came very near the place where the old hypocrite was stationed, he could not escape their notice; and the youngest of the ladies being struck with compassion at the sight of him—'Bless 'me!' says she, 'I am sure that poor 'old man is an object of charity! Do 'stay a moment, Lady Marmazet; I 'am resolved to give him something.'—'Pshaw, my dear! Come along, child!' cries her ladyship. 'How can you be so 'ridiculous, Miss Newcome? Who gives 'any money to charity now-a-days?'—'True, Madam; your ladyship is perfectly in the right,' replied the beau, who now discovered his own father. 'Nothing can be more idle, I think, than 'throwing one's money away upon a set 'of thievish tatterdemallion wretches, 'who are the burden of the nation, and 'ought to be exterminated from the face 'of the earth.'—'Well, well, you may 'say what you please, both of you,' says Miss Newcome, 'but I am resolved 'to be generous this morning; and 'therefore it does not signify laughing 'at me.—Here, master Gaffar, here's 'sixpence for you.'

All this while, Mr. Griskin was in extreme pain; for though he had no reason to fear any discovery, yet the consciousness that this deplorable object was his own father, hurt the gentleman's pride in the presence of his mistress, and greatly checked his vivacity. He endeavoured, therefore, all he could, to hurry the young lady away from so unpleasant a scene; in which he was seconded by Lady Marmazet, who kept crying out—'How can you be so monstrously pre-'posterous, Miss Newcome? Come a-'long, girl! As I hope to be saved, I 'am ashamed of you! We shall have 'all the eyes of the company upon us 'in a few moments!'—'I don't care a 'farthing for company,' replied the young lady; 'I am resolved to ask the 'old man some questions, and therefore 'hold your tongue.—What, are you 'quite blind, Gaffar?'

By this time Squire Griskin was recovered from his first surprize; and perceiving no bad consequences likely to happen, thought he might venture to shine a little upon the occasion. 'Sir-'rah!' cries he, 'you miserable old 'dog! what do you mean by shocking 'people of quality here with a sight of 'your detestable physiognomy? Whence 'do you come? What do you do out of 'your own parish? I'll have you whipt 'from constable to constable back to your 'own settlement!'

'No, please your noble honour!' cries the beggar; 'I hope your noble honour 'won't be so cruel to a poor blind man! 'a poor blind man, struck blind with 'lightning! Heaven preserve your ho-'nour from such calamities! I have very 'good friends down in Cumberland, 'please your royal worship; and I am 'travelling homeward as fast as I can: 'but it pleased Heaven to strike me blind 'with a flash of lightning a long way 'from my relations, and I am reduced to 'beg for a little sustenance!'

'Mercy upon me!' cries Miss Newcome: 'why, what a vast way the 'miserable wretch has to travel, Mr. 'Griskin! How will he ever be able to 'get home?'

'Oh, curse him! all a confounded 'lye

'lye from beginning to end, depend 'upon't, Madam! The dog has no re- 'lations or friends in the world, I'll 'anſwer for him!' cries the beau. Then turning to his father—'Here, you old 'raſcal,' added he, 'here's a ſhilling 'for you; and, do you hear me, take 'yourſelf off this moment! If ever I 'ſee you upon the Parade again, I'll 'have you laid by the heels, and ſent to 'the houſe of correction.' The blind wretch then hobbled away, pouring forth a thouſand benedictions upon them; while Lady Marmazet and the ſharper raillied Miſs Newcome for her unfaſhionable generoſity.

Leaving the reader to make his own remarks on this extraordinary occurrence, I ſhall paſs over the intermediate ſpace of time in which nothing happened material to this hiſtory, and rejoin the three illuſtrious gueſts at their alehouſe in the evening. The lady was the firſt that came, to whom her father related the adventure of the morning, which greatly delighted her. While ſhe was laughing at this ſtory, that ſprightly knight her brother alſo came ſinging into the room; and throwing himſelf negligently into a chair, picked his teeth for a moment or two in ſilence: then addreſſing himſelf to his father—'Old fellow,' cries he, 'I 'was obliged to uſe you a little roughly 'this morning, but you'll excuſe me. 'There was a neceſſity you know of 'treating you like a ſcoundrel and an im- 'poſtor, to prevent any ſuſpicion of our 'relationſhip.'—'Well, well, Jack!' replied the father, 'I forgive you, I forgive 'you with all my heart; for I ſuppoſe 'one of the ladies was your ſweetheart, 'and to be ſure 'twas as well not to let 'her know you was my ſon, for fear of the 'worſt that might happen, tho'f you tell 'me women are ſo fond of marrying 'highwaymen now-a-days. Adad, Jack! 'I wiſhed for my eyes again juſt to have 'had one little peep at her. What, is 'ſhe a deadly fine girl?'

'A divine creature, Sir,' replied the beau; 'young, melting, amorous, and 'beautiful; innocent as an angel, and 'yet wanton as the month of May; and 'then ſhe doats on me to diſtraction. 'Did you mind how tenderly the little 'fool intereſted herſelf about your blind 'eyes, and pitied you for the confounded 'lyes you told her?'

'Why, yes, there was ſomething very 'pretty, I muſt confeſs,' ſaid the father; 'very pretty indeed, in her manner of 'talking. How the deuce do you get 'acquainted with the great ladies?'

'O, let me alone for that,' returned Mr. Griſkin; 'I am made for the women, 'Sir! I have the toujours gay, which is 'ſo dear to them; I am bleſt with that 'agreeable impudence, that eaſy familiar 'way of talking nonſenſe, that happy 'inſenſibility of ſhame, which they all 'adore in men. And then conſider my 'figure, my ſhape, my air, my legs— 'all together, I find I am irreſiſtible. 'How in the name of wonder, old fel- 'low, could you and your trull ſtrike 'out ſuch a lucky hit under a country 'hedge?'

Here the fair lady was in raptures at her brother's wit, and aſked her father, if he did not think him a moſt delightful, charming young fellow; to which the beggar replied with a groan—'O Jack, 'Jack! thou wilt certainly come to be 'hanged in the end; I ſee it as plain as 'can be; ſo much wit and impudence 'will certainly bring thee to the gallows 'at laſt.'

Much more of this ſort of ribaldry and licentious converſation paſſed between them; and as the father was more wakeful this night than he had been the preceding one, they protracted their cups till very late; they roared, they ſung, they danced, and practiſed all ſorts of unruly, drunken mirth. At laſt, however, they ſeparated once more to their ſeveral beds; and Fate had deſtined that they ſhould never meet again in joy and friendſhip, at this or any other alehouſe; the cauſe whereof will be ſeen in the following chapter.

CHAP. XVIII.

MORE ADVENTURES AT BATH.

THE father of young Jeremy Griſkin was ſo pleaſed with the advantageous match his ſon was concluding, that, in the joy of his heart, he could not help talking of it to the alehouſe-keeper where he lodged; though he had imprecated a thouſand curſes on his head, if ever he revealed it. The alehouſe-keeper likewiſe had bound himſelf by an equal number of oaths, never to diſcover what he heard from the beggar; and perhaps at

the time he made theſe vows he meant to obſerve them: but being once in poſſeſſion of a ſecret, he found it impoſſible to be long eaſy with ſo troubleſome a gueſt in his boſom. With a very myſterious face therefore he whiſpered to ſeveral coachmen and footmen, who frequented his houſe, that a very fine gentleman and lady came privately every night to viſit an old blind beggar, who lodged with him; that theſe fine folks, by what he could learn, were the beggar's ſon and daughter; and that the fine gentleman lived among the quality, and was going to run away with a great fortune.

The ſtory having made this progreſs, could not fail of proceeding farther; for being once communicated to the ſervants of ſeveral families, it was quickly ſerved up to the tables of the great. The valets informed their maſters, and the waiting gentlewomen their miſtreſſes, as a new topick of converſation while they were dreſſing them.

From hence the rumour became publick, and diſperſed itſelf all over the Bath; ſo that the very next morning after the laſt rendezvous at the alehouſe, when Squire Griſkin appeared with Lady Marmazet and Miſs Newcome as uſual in the Pump-room, they found themſelves ſtared on with more than common attention by all the company. Several gentlemen laughed aloud as they paſſed by them; the young ladies all affected to titter under their fans; and the elder dames toſſed up their noſes with the moſt inſolent air of diſdain. As all this could not be done without a meaning, the two ladies his companions were greatly aſtoniſhed, and even the beau himſelf, fortified as he was in impudence, could not ſtifle ſome unpleaſant apprehenſions. He affected however to turn it off with an air of raillery, imputed to the d—mned cenſoriouſneſs of the Bath; and expreſſed his wonder that people could not be allowed to be free and intimate, without drawing on themſelves the ſcandalous obſervations of a whole publick place.

While Mr. Griſkin was ſuppoſed to be a gentleman, the whole tribe of coquettes and beauties looked on Miſs Newcome with eyes of jealouſy and indignation, all of them envying her the happineſs of engaging ſo accompliſhed a lover: but no ſooner were they let into the ſecret of his parentage, than they began to triumph in their turns, and ſhewed their malice another way. Envy now changed into contempt; a malicious ſneer was ſeen in all their faces, and they huddled together in little parties to feaſt on ſo agreeable a diſcovery. For ſpite is never ſo ſpiteful as among young ladies who are rivals in love and beauty. 'Really, Madam,' ſaid one of them, 'one muſt be obliged 'to take care of one's pockets, becauſe 'you know if ſharpers are allowed to 'come into publick places, and appear 'like gentlemen, one can never be ſafe a 'moment.' To which another replied— 'Indeed I ſhall leave my watch at home 'when I go to the ball to-night, for I 'don't think it ſafe to carry any thing 'valuable about one, while Miſs New-'come's admirer continues among us.' Many ſuch ſpeeches were flirted about; for though the ſtory hitherto was only a flying ſuſpicion, they were all fully perſuaded of it's truth, and reſolutely bent to believe it without waiting for any confirmation, and indeed without once troubling themſelves to enquire on what authority it was founded.

The gay ſharper manifeſtly perceived from all this, that ſome diſcovery had been made to his diſadvantage; but not being willing to reſign his hopes till affairs appeared a little more deſperate, he very courageouſly preſented himſelf that evening in the ball-room. He was indeed prudent enough to abſtain from minuets, not chuſing to encounter the eyes of people in ſo conſpicuous an attitude; but as ſoon as the company ſtood up to country-dances, with a face of infinite aſſurance, he led Miſs Newcome towards the top of the room, and took his ſtation as uſual among the foremoſt files. A buz immediately ran through the company, and when they came to dance, moſt of the ladies refuſed him their hands. This was a terrible blow to him; he knew not how to revenge the affront, nor yet how to behave under ſuch an interdiction. Lady Marmazet, who ſaw with what ſcorn he was treated, very reſolutely advanced and reprimanded ſeveral of her female acquaintance with much warmth for their behaviour, pretending it was an affront to Miſs Newcome, who came to Bath under her protection, and whoſe cauſe ſhe was obliged to eſpouſe. In reality, I believe there was another reaſon which quickened her ladyſhip's reſentment, and made her behold with concern the indignities offered to a man, who had found the way of being

being agreeable to her ladyſhip, as well as to the young lady her companion. But however that be, it is certain her interfering did him little ſervice; and after a thouſand taunts and ſneers, the unfortunate couple was obliged to ſit down in a corner of the room. They ſtood up again ſome time afterwards to make a freſh attempt, which proved as unſucceſsful as the former: in ſhort, after repeated diſgraces, they were obliged to give over all thoughts of dancing for the remaining part of the night; the poor girl trembling and wondering what could be the reaſon of all this behaviour; and even the beau himſelf looking very fooliſh under the conſciouſneſs of his own condition.

As it was pretty plain, however, that his father muſt have betrayed his ſecret, the ball no ſooner broke up, than he flew with the greateſt rage to the alehouſe, ruſhed eagerly into the room, where the miſerable wretch was then dozing, and fell upon him with all the bitterneſs of paſſion. 'Where is this old raſcal?' cries he; 'what is it you mean by this, you deteſtable miſcreant? I have a great mind 'to murder you, and give your carcaſe 'to the hounds!'

'Bleſs us! what's the matter now, 'Jack?' ſaid the beggar. 'Matter!' returned he; 'you have been prating, and 'tattling, and chattering. You have 'ruined me, you old villain, you have 'blown me up for ever. Speak, confeſs 'that you have diſcovered my ſecrets.'

Here the beggar ſtammered and endeavoured to excuſe himſelf, but was obliged at laſt to acknowledge, that he believed he might have mentioned ſomething of the matter to the man of the houſe. 'And how durſt you mention any 'thing of the matter?' cries the ſon, ſeizing his father by the throat; 'how durſt 'you open your lips upon the ſubject? 'I have a great inclination to pluck your 'tongue out, and burn it before your 'face. You have told him, I ſuppoſe, 'that I am your ſon. 'Tis a lye; you 'ſtole me, you kidnapped me; 'tis impoſſible I could be the offspring of ſuch 'an eyeleſs, ſhirtleſs, toothleſs raggamuffin as thou art. Here I have been 'inſulted by every body to-night, I have 'run the gauntlet through the whole ball-'room; all my hopes, all my ſtratagems, 'are deſtroyed, and all is owing to your 'infamous prating. But mark what I 'ſay to you. Set out directly, to-night 'or to-morrow morning before ſun-riſe, 'and budge off as faſt as your legs can 'carry you. If I find you here to-morrow at ſeven o'clock, by hell, I'll cut 'your throat. You have done miſchief 'enough already. You ſhall do me no 'more; and therefore pack up your 'wallet, and away with you, or prepare 'to feed the crows.' Having uttered this terrible denunciation of vengeance, he ruſhed out of the room with as much impetuoſity as he came into it, and left the poor offender ſtaring and trembling with amazement.

The firſt thing he did after his ſon had quitted him, was to heave up a prodigious groan, which he accompanied with a moral reflection on the hard fate of all fathers, who are curſed with rebellious, unnatural children. As ſuch uſage he thought was ſufficient to cancel all paternal affection, he felt in himſelf a ſtrong deſire at firſt to be revenged, by impeaching, and bringing the villain to juſtice. But then conſidering, on the other hand, that he could not well do this without diſcovering his own hypocriſy and impoſtures at the ſame time, he prudently ſuppreſſed thoſe thoughts, and reſolved to quit the place. It was hard, he ſaid to himſelf, to obey the orders of ſuch an abandoned profligate; but he comforted himſelf with the agreeable, and indeed very probable hopes, that he ſhould ſoon ſee his ſon come to the gallows, without his being acceſſary to ſuch an event.

Very early then the next morning, he ſet out with his unfortunate little guide, and made forced marches for London. Being willing to eſcape beyond the reach of his ſon's reſentment as ſoon as poſſible, he travelled ſo very faſt, that in little more than a week's time he arrived at Reading: from whence, after a day's reſting, he again renewed his journey. But ſorrow and fatigue ſo entirely overcame him, that he fell ſick on the road, and it was with the greateſt difficulty that he crawled up to the gate of a celebrated inn, not uſed to the entertainment of ſuch gueſts, where he fainted and dropped down in a fit. Two or three oſtlers, who were the firſt that ſaw him, conveyed him to an apartment in the ſtable, where he lay for ſeveral days in a moſt miſerable condition. His diſorder ſoon rendered him ſpeechleſs, and being able to aſk for nothing,

nothing, he was ſupplied with nothing: for though the good landlady of the houſe would gladly have done any thing in the world to relieve him, had ſhe known his condition, her ſervants, happening not have the ſpirit of humanity in them, never once informed her that ſuch an object of charity lay ſick in her ſtable. Finding himſelf thus neglected and deſtitute of all comfort, he very prudently gave up the ghoſt, leaving our hero once more at the diſpoſal of chance.

What future ſcenes of good or evil are next to open upon him, Fate does not yet chuſe to divulge; and therefore begging the reader to ſuſpend his curioſity, till we have received a proper commiſſion for gratifying it, we here put an end to this firſt book of our wonderful hiſtory.

END OF THE FIRST BOOK.

THE

THE

HISTORY

OF

POMPEY THE LITTLE.

BOOK THE SECOND.

CHAP. I.

FORTUNE GROWS FAVOURABLE TO OUR HERO, AND RESTORES HIM TO HIGH-LIFE.

THE blind beggar, to whoſe tyranny Fortune had committed our hero, groaned out his ſoul, as the reader has already ſeen, in the ſtable at a publick inn. Pompey, ſtanding by, had the pleaſure of ſeeing the tyrant fall as he deſerved, and exulted over him like Cicero in the ſenate-houſe over the dying Cæſar. This misfortune was firſt diſcovered by an oſtler, who coming accidentally into the ſtable, and perceiving the miſerable creature ſtretched out on the ſtraw, began at firſt to holla in his ear, imagining him to be aſleep; but finding him inſenſible to three or four hearty kicks, which he beſtowed upon him—'Odrabbet un,' cries he, 'why ſure a can't be dead, can a? 'by gar he is; pillgarlick is certainly 'dead.' He then called together two or three of his brethren, to divert themſelves with this agreeable ſpectacle, and many ſtable jokes paſſed upon the occaſion. When their diverſion was over, one of them ran in doors to inform their miſtreſs; but the good woman was not immediately at leiſure to hear his intelligence, being taken up in her civilities to a coach-and-ſix, juſt then arrived, and very buſy in conducting the ladies to their apartments. However, when dinner was over, ſhe bethought herſelf of what had happened, and went into the ſtable, attended by two of her chamber-maids, to ſurvey the corpſe, and give orders for it's burial. There little Pompey, for the firſt time, preſented himſelf to her view; but ſorrow and ill-uſage had ſo impaired his beauty, and his coat too was in ſuch a diſhabille of dirt and mire, that he beſpake no favourable opinion in his beholders. We muſt not therefore think Mrs. Windmill of a cruel nature, becauſe ſhe ordered him to be hanged, for, in reality, ſhe is a very humane and friendly woman; but perceiving no beauty in the dog to incline her to compaſſion, and concluding him to be a thief, from the company he was found with, it was natural for her to ſhew him no mercy. A conſultation therefore was held in the yard, and ſentence of death pronounced upon him; which had been executed as ſoon as commanded, (for the oſtler was inſtantly preparing a rope with great delight) had not one of the chamber-maids interpoſed, ſaying, ſhe believed he was a ſweet pretty creature, if he was waſhed, and deſired her miſtreſs to ſave him. A word of this kind was enough to Mrs. Windmill, who immediately granted him a reprieve, and ordered him into the kitchen for a turn-ſpit. But when he had gone through the ceremony of luſtration, and was thoroughly cleaned,

cleaned, every body was ſtruck with his beauty, and the good landlady in particular; who now changed her reſolutions, and, inſtead of condemning him to the drudgery of a turn-ſpit, made him her companion, and taught him to follow her about the houſe. He ſoon grew to be a favourite with the whole family, as indeed he always was wherever he came; and the chambermaids uſed to quarrel with one another, who ſhould take him to their beds at night. He likewiſe got acquainted with Captain, the great houſe-dog, who, like Cerberus, terrified the regions round-about with his barking: yet would he often condeſcend to be pleaſed with the frolicks of little Pompey, and vouchſafe now and then to unbend his majeſty with a game of play.

After he had lived here near a fortnight, a poſt-chaiſe ſtopt one day at the door, out of which alighted two ladies, juſt arrived from the Bath. They ran directly to the fire, declaring they were almoſt frozen to death with cold; whereupon Mrs. Windmill began to thunder for wood, and aſſiſted in making up an excellent fire: after which ſhe begged the favour to know what their ladyſhips would pleaſe to have for dinner. 'If you 'pleaſe, Madam,' ſaid the eldeſt, 'I'll 'look into your larder.'—'With all my 'heart, Madam,' anſwered the good landlady; 'I have fiſh and fowls of all 'kinds, and rabbits and hares, and va-'riety of butcher's meat. But your lady-'ſhip ſays you will be ſo good to accom-'modate yourſelf on the ſpot. I am ready 'to attend your ladyſhip, whenever your 'ladyſhip pleaſes.'

While the eldeſt was gone to examine the larder, the youngeſt of theſe ladies, having ſeized little Pompey, who followed his miſtreſs into the room, was infinitely charmed with his beauty, and careſſed him during the whole time of her ſiſter's abſence. Pompey, in return, ſeemed pleaſed to be taken notice of by ſo fair a lady; for though he had long been diſuſed to the company of people of faſhion, he had not yet forgot how to behave himſelf with complaiſance and good-manners. He felt a kind of pride returning, which all his misfortunes had not been able to extinguiſh, and began to hope the time was come which ſhould reſtore him to the beau-monde. With theſe hopes he continued in the room all the time the ladies were at dinner, paying great court to them both, and receiving what they were pleaſed to beſtow upon him with much fawning, and officious civility.

As ſoon as the ladies had dined, Mrs. Windmill came in to make her compliments, as uſual, hoping the dinner was dreſſed to their ladyſhips' minds, and that the journey had not deſtroyed their appetites. She received very courteous anſwers to all ſhe ſaid; and, after ſome other converſation on indifferent topicks, little Pompey came at laſt upon the carpet. 'Pray, Madam,' ſaid the youngeſt of the ladies, 'how long have you had 'this very pretty dog?' Mrs. Windmill, who never was deficient when ſhe had an opportunity of talking, having ſtarted ſo fair a ſubject, began to diſplay her eloquence in the following manner. 'Madam,' ſays ſhe, 'the little 'creature fell into my hands by the 'ſtrangeſt accident in life, and it is 'G—d's mercy he was not hanged. 'An old blind beggar, ladies, died in 'my ſtable about a fortnight ago, and it 'ſeems this little animal uſed to lead 'him about the country. 'Tis amazing 'how they come by the inſtinct they 'have in them—and ſuch a little crea-'ture too. But, as I was telling you, 'ladies, the old blind beggar was juſt 'returned from Bath, as your ladyſhips 'may be now, and the poor miſerable 'wretch periſhed in my ſtable. There 'he left this little dog; and, will you 'believe it, ladies? as I am alive, I or-'dered him to be hanged, not once 'dreaming he was ſuch a beauty; for 'indeed he was quite covered over with 'mire and naſtineſs, as to be ſure he 'could not be otherwiſe, after leading 'the old blind man ſo long a journey; 'but a maid-ſervant of mine took a 'fancy to the little wretch, and begged 'his life; and, would you think it, la-'dies? I am now grown as fond of the 'little fool as if he was my own child.'

The two ſiſters, diverted with Mrs. Windmill's oration, could not help ſmiling on one another; but, diſguiſing their laughter as well as they could—'I do 'not wonder,' ſaid the youngeſt, 'at 'your fondneſs for him, Madam, he is 'ſo remarkably handſome; and that 'being the caſe, I cannot find in my heart 'to rob you of him, otherwiſe I was juſt 'going to aſk if you ſhould be willing 'to part with him.'—'Bleſs me, Ma-'dam!' ſaid the obliging hoſteſs, 'I 'am ſure there is nothing I would not 'do to oblige your ladyſhip; and if your

'ladyſhip

'ladyſhip has ſuch an affection for the 'little wretch—Not part with him in-'deed!'—'Nay, Madam,' ſaid the lady, interrupting her, 'I would willingly 'make you any amends; and if you will 'pleaſe to name your price, I'll purchaſe 'him of you.'—'Alack-a-day, Ma-'dam!' replied the landlady, 'I am ſor-'ry your ladyſhip ſuſpects me to be of 'ſuch a mercenary diſpoſition. Purchaſe 'him indeed! He is extremely at your 'ladyſhip's ſervice, if you pleaſe to ac-'cept of him.' With theſe words, ſhe took him up, and delivered him into the lady's arms, who received him with many acknowledgments of the favour done her; all which the good landlady repaid with abundant intereſt.

Word was now brought that the chaiſe was ready, and waited at the door; whereupon the two ladies were obliged to break off their converſation, and Mrs. Windmill to reſtrain her eloquence. She attended them, with a million of civil ſpeeches, to their equipage, and handing little Pompey to them, when they were ſeated in it, took her leave with a great profuſion of ſmiles and curtſies. The poſtilion blew his horn; the ladies bowed; and our hero's heart exulted with tranſport, to think of the amendment of his fate.

CHAP. II.

A LONG CHAPTER OF CHARACTERS.

THE poſt-chaiſe ſtopped in a genteel ſtreet in London, and Pompey was introduced into decent lodgings, where every thing had an air of politeneſs, yet nothing was expenſive. The rooms were hung with Indian paper; the beds were Chineſe; and the whole furniture ſeemed to ſhew how elegant ſimplicity can be under the direction of taſte. Tea was immediately ordered, and the two ladies ſat down to refreſh themſelves after the fatigue of their journey, and began to talk over the adventures they had met with at the Bath. They remembered many agreeable incidents, which had happened in that great rendezvous of pleaſure, and ventured to laugh at ſome follies of their acquaintance, without ſeverity or ill-nature.

Theſe two ladies were born of a good family, and had received a genteel education. Their father, indeed, left them no more than ſix thouſand pounds each; but, as they united their fortunes, and managed their affairs with frugality, they made a creditable figure in the world, and lived in intimacy with people of the greateſt faſhion. It will be neceſſary, for the ſake of diſtinction, to give them names, and the reader, if he pleaſes, may call them Theodoſia and Aurora.

Theodoſia, the eldeſt, was advancing towards forty, an age when perſonal charms begin to fade, and women grow indifferent at leaſt, who have nothing better to ſupply the place of them. But Theodoſia was largely poſſeſſed of all thoſe good qualities which render women agreeable without beauty: ſhe was affable and eaſy in her behaviour; well-bred without falſhood; chearful without levity; polite and obliging to her friends, civil and generous to her domeſticks. Nature had given her a good temper, and education had made it an agreeable one. She had lived much in the world, without growing vain or inſolent; improved her underſtanding by books, without any affectation of wit or ſcience; and loved publick places, without being a ſlave to pleaſure. Her converſation was always engaging, and often entertaining. Her long commerce with the world had ſupplied her with a fund of diverting remarks on life, and her good ſenſe enabled her to deliver them with grace and propriety.

Aurora, the youngeſt ſiſter, was in her four and twentieth year, and imagination cannot poſſibly form a finer figure than ſhe was in every reſpect. Her beauty, now in it's higheſt luſtre, gave that full ſatisfaction to the eye which younger charms rarely inſpire. She was tall and full formed, but with the utmoſt elegance and ſymmetry in all her limbs; and a certain majeſty, which reſulted from her ſhape, was accompanied with a moſt peculiar ſweetneſs of face; for though ſhe had all the charms, ſhe had none of the inſolence of beauty. As if theſe uncommon perfections of nature were not ſufficient to procure her admirers enough, ſhe had added to them the moſt winning accompliſhments of art; ſhe danced, and ſung, and played, like an angel; her voice, naturally clear, full, and melodious, had been improved under the beſt Italian maſters; and ſhe was ready to oblige people with her muſick, on the ſlighteſt intimation that it

would be agreeable, without any airs of ſhyneſs and unſeaſonable modeſty. Indeed, affectation never entered into any one of her geſtures; and whatſoever ſhe did, was with that generous freedom of manner, which denotes a good underſtanding, as well as an honeſt heart. Her temper was chearful in the higheſt degree, and ſhe had a moſt uncommon flow of ſpirits and good-humour, which ſeldom deſerted her in any place or company. At a ball ſhe was extremely joyous and ſpirited, and the pleaſure ſhe gave to her beholders could only be exceeded by that unbounded happineſs with which ſhe inſpired her partner. Yet though her genius led her to be lively, and a little romantick, whoever converſed with her in private admired her good ſenſe, and heard reflections from her which plainly ſhewed ſhe had often exerciſed her underſtanding on the moſt ſerious ſubjects.

A woman ſo beautiful in her perſon, and excellent in her accompliſhments, could not fail of attracting lovers in great abundance; and as the characters of ſome of her admirers may perhaps not be unentertaining, we will give the reader a little ſketch of two of them, from among a great variety.

And firſt, let us pay our compliments to Count Tag, who had merited a title by his exploits; which, perhaps, is not the moſt uſual ſtep to honour, but always moſt reſpectable whenever it happens. It is true he had no patent to ſhew for his nobility, which depended entirely on the *arbitrium popularis auræ*, the fickleneſs of popular applauſe; but the ſame arts which had procured him his title, he truſted to for the preſervation of it. He had indeed taken great pains to be a coxcomb of diſtinguiſhed reputation, and, by the help of uncommon talents this way, was now arrived at the full extent of his wiſhes. Having eſtabliſhed a large acquaintance among people of faſhion, who admitted him for the ſake of laughing at him, he really fancied himſelf one of their number, and had long ago thought proper to forget his family and primæval meanneſs. But that the reader may know by what ſteps he roſe to the conſpicuous ſtation of ridicule he now poſſeſſed, let us trace him in his progreſs to it.

Count Tag was the ſon of a brewer in a great market-town, who having grown rich in trade, was ſeized with the unfortunate ambition of breeding up his ſon a gentleman; for which purpoſe he ſent him firſt to a publick ſchool, and afterwards to the univerſity of Oxford. Being here on a level with people much his ſuperiors, the young gentleman learned to grow fond of great company, and very early began to calculate the degree of his happineſs by the number of his faſhionable acquaintance. At laſt his father died, and left him a fortune of about eight thouſand pounds; upon the news whereof he immediately tranſported himſelf from Oxford to London, reſolving to make a bold puſh, as it is called, to introduce him into LIFE. He had a ſtrong ambition of becoming a fine gentleman, and cultivating an acquaintance with people of faſhion, which he eſteemed the moſt conſummate character attainable by man, and to that he reſolved to dedicate his days. As his firſt eſſay, therefore, he preſented himſelf every evening in a ſide-box at one of the play-houſes, where he was ready to enter into converſation with any body that would afford him an audience: but was particularly aſſiduous in applying himſelf to young noblemen and men of fortune whom he had formerly known at ſchool, or at the univerſity. By degrees he got footing in two or three families of quality, where he was ſometimes invited to dinner; and having learned the faſhionable topicks of diſcourſe, he ſtudied to make himſelf agreeable by entertaining them with the current news of the town. He had the firſt intelligence of a marriage or an intrigue, knew to a moment when the breath went out of a nobleman's body, and publiſhed the ſcandal of a maſquerade or a ridotta ſooner by half an hour at leaſt than any other publick talker in London. He had a copious fluency of language, which made him embelliſh every ſubject he undertook; and a certain art of talking as minutely and circumſtantially on the moſt trivial ſubjects, as on thoſe of the higheſt importance. He would deſcribe a ſtraw, or a pimple on a lady's face, with all the figures of rhetorick; by which he perſuaded many people to believe him a man of great parts; and ſurely no man's impertinence ever turned to better account. As he conſtantly attended Bath and Tunbridge, and all the publick places, he got eaſier acceſs to the tables of the great, and by degrees inſinuated himſelf into all the parties of the ladies; among whom

whom he began to be received as a conſiderable genius, and quickly became neceſſary in all their drums and aſſemblies.

Finding his ſchemes thus ſucceed almoſt beyond his hopes, he now aſſumed a higher behaviour, and began to fancy himſelf a man of quality from the company he kept. With this view he thought proper to forget his old acquaintance, whoſe low geniuſes left them grovelling in obſcurity, while his ſuperior talents had raiſed him to a familiarity with lords and ladies. If, therefore, any old friend, preſuming on their former intimacy, ventured to accoſt him in the Park, he made a formal bow, and begged pardon for leaving him; but really Lady Betty, or Lady Mary, was juſt entering the Mall. In ſhort, he always proportioned his reſpect to the rank and fortunes of his company. He would deſert a commoner for a lord, a lord for an earl, an earl for a marquis, and a marquis for a duke. Having thus enrolled himſelf in his own imagination among the nobility, it was not without reaſon that people gave him the ſtyle and title of Count Tag, thinking it a pity that ſuch a genius ſhould be called by the ordinary name of his family.

To ſay this gentleman was in love, would be too great an abuſe of language, for he was in reality incapable of loving any body but himſelf. But vanity and the mode often made him affect attachments to women of celebrated beauty, from whoſe acquaintance he thought he could derive a credit to himſelf. This was his motive for appearing one of the admirers of Aurora, whoſe charms were conſpicuous enough to excite his pride, and that was the only paſſion which the count ever thought of gratifying. He knew how to counterfeit raptures which he never felt, and had all the language of love, without any of it's ſentiment.

The other admirer of Aurora, whoſe character we likewiſe promiſed to draw, was one in all reſpects the reverſe of Count Tag, and may very well ſerve as his contraſt. He was a young nobleman about her own age, bleſſed with every perſonal accompliſhment that could render him agreeable, and every good quality that could make him beloved. If an excellent underſtanding, improved by competent reading; if the moſt uncommon integrity of mind, joined with the greateſt candour and ſenſibility of heart; if a ſoul paſſionately devoted to the love of truth, which abhorred falſhood and deteſted affectation; if all theſe perfections can render any one the object of eſteem, they all united in forming the character of this amiable young nobleman. But to eſteem him only was paying him but half his due. There was ſomething ſo very open and ſincere in his looks, ſo winning in his converſation, and ſtriking in all his actions, that nobody ever departed from him without a thorough love and admiration of him. He had the moſt agreeable manner of addreſs, improved, but not corrupted, by the civilities of the world; a uniform, unaffected, natural gentility, which put mere politeneſs out of countenance, and left artificial complaiſance at a diſtance. In a word, he had the moſt cordial warmth of heart, the greateſt generoſity of ſentiment, and the trueſt equanimity of temper upon all occaſions in life.

Being inſpired with a paſſion for an agreeable woman, he was neither aſhamed to own it, nor yet did he uſe the ridiculous eulogiums with which coxcombs talk of their miſtreſſes when their imaginations are heated with wine. He did not compare her to the Venus of Medicis, or run into any of thoſe artificial raptures which are almoſt always counterfeited; but, whenever he mentioned her name, he ſpoke the language of his heart, and ſpoke of her always with a manlineſs that teſtified the reality and ſincerity of his paſſion. It was impoſſible for a woman not to return the affections of ſo deſerving a lover: Aurora was happy to be the object of his addreſſes, and met them with becoming zeal.

CHAP. III.

THE CHARACTERS OF THE FOREGOING CHAPTER EXEMPLIFIED. AN IRREPARABLE MISFORTUNE BEFALS OUR HERO.

THE two ſiſters had lain longer abed than uſual the morning after their arrival in town, which was owing to the fatigue of their journey. They had but juſt finiſhed their breakfaſt by twelve o'clock; Aurora was then ſitting down to her harpſichord, and Theodoſia reading the play-bills for the evening, when the door opened, and Count Tag was uſhered by a ſervant into the room.

When the first ceremonies were a little over, and the count had expressed the prodigious satisfaction he felt in seeing them returned to town, he began to enquire what kind of season they had had at Bath. 'Why really,' said Theodosia, 'a very good one, upon the whole; there 'were many agreeable people there, and 'all of them easy and sociable; which 'made our time pass away chearfully 'and pleasantly enough.'—'You amaze 'me!' cries the count: 'impossible, 'Madam!—How can it be, ladies?—I 'had letters from Lord Marmazet, and 'Lady Betty Scornful, assuring me that, 'except you and themselves, there were 'not three human creatures in the place. 'Let me see—I have Lady Betty's let-'ter in my pocket, I believe, at this 'moment—Oh, no, upon recollection, 'I put it this morning into my cabi-'net, where I preserve all my letters of 'quality.'

Aurora, smothering a laugh as well as she could, said she was extremely obliged to Lord Marmazet and Lady Betty for vouchsafing to rank her and her sister in the catalogue of human beings; 'But surely,' added she, 'they 'must have been asleep, both of them, 'when they wrote their letters, for the 'Bath was extremely full.'—'Full!' cries the count, interrupting her; 'oh, 'Madam, that is very possible, and yet 'there might be no company; that is, 'none of us; nobody that one knows: 'for as to all the tramantanes that come 'by the cross-post, we never reckon them 'as any thing but monsters in human 'shape, that serve to fill up the stage of 'life, like cyphers in a play. For in-'stance, you often see an aukward girl, 'who had sewed a tail to a gown, and 'pinned two lappets to a night-cap, 'run headlong into the rooms with a 'wild frosty face, as if she was just 'come from feeding poultry in her fa-'ther's chicken-yard; or you see a boo-'by squire, with a head resembling a 'stone-ball over a gate-post. Now it 'would be the most ridiculous thing in 'life to call such people company. 'Tis 'the want of titles, and not the want of 'faces, that makes a place empty; for 'if there is nobody one knows, if there 'are none of us in a place, we esteem all 'the rest as mob and rabble.'

Here it was impossible for the two ladies any longer to contain their laughter. 'Hold, hold, for Heaven's sake!' said Theodosia, interrupting him; 'have 'a little mercy, count, on us poor mor-'tals who are born without titles, and 'don't banish us quite from all publick 'places. Consider, Sir, though you 'have been so happy as to acquire a 'title, all of us have not the same good 'fortune; and must we then be reckoned 'among the mob and rabble of life?'

'Oh, by no means! cries the count; 'you misunderstand me entirely—you 'are in the polite circle, ladies; we 'reckon you among the quality. Who-'ever belongs to the polite circle, is of 'the quality. I was only talking of the 'wretched figures who know nobody, 'and are known of nobody; they are 'the mob and rabble I was speaking of. '—You, indeed!—no, pardon me.—'But pray, ladies, who was this Miss 'Newcome, this great beauty, that made 'such a figure among you at Bath? 'Was she ever in any of our drums or 'assemblies?'

'No, Sir,' replied Theodosia; 'it was 'the first time of her appearing, I be-'lieve, in any publick place; she came 'under the protection of Lady Marma-'zet. She is a very agreeable girl, and 'really exceedingly pretty. I often con-'versed with her, and indeed she pro-'mises to make a very fine woman, if 'she does not play the fool, and throw 'herself away upon that odious, detesta-'ble Griskin.'

'Aye, that Griskin, too!' cries the count, who is that detestable Griskin? 'I think I am acquainted with all the 'families of any note in England, and 'yet in my days I never heard of Sir 'Jeremy Griskin.'

'No, Sir,' said Aurora with a smile; 'tis impossible you should know any 'such English family, for he gave out 'that he came from Ireland; and even 'there, I fancy, one should be pretty 'much puzzled to find it; for I am very 'apt to suspect that Mr. Griskin is no-'thing better than a notorious sharper. 'We had a report at Bath, that he was 'the son of a blind beggar. The truth 'of this, indeed, never came perfectly to 'light; but sure Lady Marmazet, if she 'has any friendship for the girl, must 'be mad to encourage such a match.'

'Absolutely distracted!' cries the count; 'I can't imagine what she means 'by it: and indeed, when she comes to 'town, I shall rally her ladyship for 'having such a beauty in petto, without

'letting

'letting me know any thing of the 'matter.'

While the count was thus diſplaying his own merit and acquaintance with the grand monde, the door opened on a ſudden, and the young lord appeared, whoſe character concluded the preceding chapter. He approached the ladies with a reſpectful bow, and enquired tenderly concerning their health, but addreſſed himſelf rather in a more particular manner to Aurora. Her face immediately changed on his entering the room, and a certain air of affectionate languor took poſſeſſion of her features, which before were a little expreſſive of ſcorn and ridicule: in ſhort, ſhe received him with ſomething more than complaiſance, and a tone of voice only calculated to convey the ſentiments of love.

But as the delicacy of her paſſion choſe to reveal itſelf as little as poſſible before witneſſes, ſhe ſoon recovered the gaiety of her features, and addreſſing herſelf with a ſmile to her beloved peer—'My lord,' ſaid ſhe, 'you are come in 'excellent time; the count is entertaining us here with a very ingenious 'lecture on what it is we are to call the 'world.'

Count Tag was no ſtranger to his lordſhip, who perfectly knew, and heartily deſpiſed him for his foppery and affectation. Yet he was obliged now and then to ſubmit to a viſit from him; for being in poſſeſſion of a title, the count, who haunted all people of quality, would obtrude himſelf on his acquaintance contrary to his inclination; and good manners, as well as the natural candour of his temper, reſtrained him from expreſſing his deteſtation in too explicit terms. He had, however, no great deſire at preſent to hear him upon a topick where his impertinence would have ſo great a ſcope, and therefore endeavoured to turn the converſation to ſome other ſubject; but the count, whoſe eyes ſparkled, as they always did on the appearance of a man of quality, no ſooner ſaw him ſeated in his chair, than he faſtened himſelf immediately upon him, and began to appeal to his lordſhip for a confirmation of his ſentiments. 'My lord,' ſaid he, 'I was en-'deavouring to convince the ladies, that 'if there is nobody one knows, none of 'us, in a publick place, all the reſt are 'to be conſidered in the light of porters 'and oyſter-women. I dare ſay your 'lordſhip is of the ſame opinion.'

'Indeed, Sir, but I am not,' replied his lordſhip; 'and therefore I muſt de-'ſire you would not draw me into a 'participation of any ſuch ſentiments. 'The language of "people one knows," 'and "people one does not know," is 'what I very often hear in the world; 'but it ſeems to me the moſt contemptible jargon that ever was invented. Indeed, for my own part, I don't underſtand it; and therefore, I confeſs, I am 'not qualified to talk about it. Whom, 'pray, are we to call the people one 'knows?'

'O mon dieu!' cries the count, 'your 'lordſhip, ſurely, can't aſk ſuch a queſtion? The people one knows, my lord, 'are the people who are in the round of 'aſſemblies and publick diverſions; people who have the SCAVOIR VIVRE, 'the TON DE BONNE COMPAGNIE, 'as the French call it: in ſhort, people 'who frize their hair in the neweſt faſhion, and have their cloaths made at 'Paris.'

'And are theſe the only people worth 'one's regard in life?' ſaid his lordſhip.

'Abſolutely, my lord!' cries the count; 'I have no manner of idea or 'conception of any body elſe.'

'Then I am moſt heartily ſorry for 'you,' cries his lordſhip. 'I can readily 'allow that people of quality muſt, in 'general, live with one another; the 'cuſtoms of the world in good meaſure require it: but, ſurely, our ſtation gives 'us no right to behave with inſolence to 'people below us, becauſe they have not 'their cloaths from Paris, or do not 'FRIZE their hair in the neweſt faſhion! And I am ſure, if people of 'quality have no ſuch right, it much leſs becomes the fops and coxcombs in faſhion, who are but the retainers on 'people of quality, who are themſelves 'only in publick by permiſſion, and can 'pretend to no merit, but what they derive from an acquaintance with their 'betters. This, ſurely, is the moſt contemptible of all modern follies! For 'inſtance, becauſe a man is permitted 'to whiſper nonſenſe in a Lady Betty's 'or Lady Mary's ear, in the ſide-box at 'a play-houſe, ſhall he therefore fancy 'himſelf privileged to behave with impertinence to people infinitely his ſuperiors in merit, who perhaps have not 'thought it worth their while to wriggle 'themſelves into a great acquaintance?

'—What

'—What ſay you, Madam?' added he, addreſſing himſelf to Theodoſia.

'Your obſervation,' ſhe replied, 'is 'exceedingly juſt, my lord! But why 'do you confine it to your own ſex? 'Pray let ours come in for a ſhare of the 'ſatire! For my part, I could name a 'great many trumpery inſignificant girls 'about town, who, having wriggled 'themſelves, as you ſay, into a polite ac-'quaintance, give themſelves ten times 'more airs, and are fifty thouſand times 'more conceited, than the people to 'whoſe company they owe their pride. 'I have one now in my thoughts, who 'is throughout a compoſition of vanity 'and folly, and has been for ſeveral years 'the publick jeſt and ridicule of the town 'for her behaviour.'

All this while the count ſat in ſome confuſion: for though he had a wonderful talent, as indeed moſt people have, at warding off ſcandal from himſelf, and applying the ſatire he met with to his neighbours, he was here ſo plainly deſcribed, that it was hardly poſſible for him to be miſtaken. Aurora ſaw this; and reſolving to compleat his confuſion—'Count,' ſaid ſhe, 'I have had it in 'my head this many a day to aſk you 'a queſtion. Will you be ſo obliging 'as to tell me how you came by your 'title?'—'O pardon me! I have no title, 'Madam!' cries the count. 'Mere ba-'dinage and ridicule!—a nick-name 'given me by ſome of my friends—that's 'all! But another time for that. At 'preſent, I am obliged to call upon Lord 'Monkeyman, who deſires my opinion 'of ſome pictures he is going to buy; 'after which I ſhall look in upon Lady 'Betty Vincent, whom I poſitively have 'not ſeen for theſe three days.' Here he roſe up, and made all the haſte he could away, being exceedingly glad to eſcape the perſecution which he ſaw was preparing for him.

Little Pompey was witneſs of many of theſe interviews, and began to think himſelf happily ſituated for life. He was a great favourite with Aurora, who careſſed him with the fondeſt tenderneſs, and permitted him to ſleep every night in a chair by her bed-ſide. When ſhe awoke in the morning, ſhe would embrace him with an ardour which the happieſt lover might have envied. Our hero's vanity, perhaps, made him fancy himſelf the genuine object of theſe careſſes, whereas, in reality, he was only the repreſentative of a much nobler creature. In this manner he lived with his new miſtreſſes the greateſt part of a winter; and might ſtill have continued in the ſame happy ſituation, had he not ruined himſelf by his own imprudence.

Aurora had been dancing one night at a ridotta with her beloved peer; and retired late to her lodgings, with that vivacity in her looks, and tranſport in her thoughts, which love and pleaſure always inſpire. Animated with delightful preſages of future happineſs, ſhe ſat herſelf down in a chair, to recollect the converſation that had paſſed between them. After this, ſhe went to bed, and reſigned herſelf to the pureſt ſlumbers. She ſlept longer than uſual the next morning; and it ſeemed as if ſome golden dream was pictured in her fancy; for her cheek glowed with unuſual beauty, and her voice ſpontaneouſly pronounced—'My lord, I am wholly yours!' While her imagination was preſenting her with theſe delicious ideas, little Pompey, who heard the ſound, and thought ſhe overſlept herſelf, leaped upon the bed, and waked her with his barking. To be interrupted in ſo critical a minute, while ſhe was dreaming of her beloved peer, was an offence ſhe knew not how to pardon. She darted a moſt enraged look at him, and reſolved never to ſee him any more; but diſpoſed of him that very morning to her milliner, who attended her with a new head-dreſs.

Thus was he again removed to new lodgings, and condemned to future adventures.

CHAP. IV.

ANOTHER LONG CHAPTER OF CHARACTERS.

THE fair princeſs of lace and ribbands, who now took poſſeſſion of our hero, carried him home in her arms, extremely well pleaſed with her preſent. She quickly grew exceeding fond of him, as all his owners had been before her; and, to expreſs her love, ornamented his neck with a cambrick-ruff. The ſight of this happening to pleaſe ſome ladies of quality, who came by accident to the ſhop, they reſolved to imitate it: and from hence aroſe the modern faſhion of ladies wearing ruffs about their necks.

Three or four days after he was ſettled in theſe apartments, as he was friſking and

and ſporting one morning about the ſhop, a young lady, who lodged in the houſe, came down ſtairs, and accoſted his miſtreſs in the following terms. 'I 'want to ſee ſome ribbands, if you pleaſe, 'Madam, to match my blue gown; for 'Lady Bab Frightful is to call upon 'mamma this evening, to carry us to 'the play to ſee Orthellor, Whore of 'Venus; which, they ſay, is one of the 'fineſt plays that ever was acted.'— 'Yes, really, Mem, 'tis a very engaging 'play, to be ſure!' replied the milliner. 'Indeed, I think it one of the maſter-'pieces of the Engliſh ſtage. But you 'miſtake a little, I fancy, Miſs, in the 'naming of it; for Shakeſpeare, I be-'lieve, wrote it Othello, Moor of Venice. 'Venice, Mem, is a famous town or 'city, ſomewhere or other, where O-'thello runs away with a rich heireſs 'in the night-time, and marries her pri-'vately at the fleet. By very odd luck, 'he was created Lord High-Admiral 'that very night, and goes out to fight 'the Turks, and takes his wife along 'with him to the wars; and there, 'Mem, he grows jealous of her, only 'becauſe ſhe happens to have loſt a 'handkerchief, which he gave her when 'he came a courting to her. It was a 'muſlin handkerchief, Mem, ſpotted 'with ſtrawberries; and, becauſe ſhe 'can't find it, he beats her in the moſt 'unmerciful manner, and at laſt ſmo-'thers her between two feather-beds.'— 'Does he indeed!' cries the young la-dy. 'Well, I hate a jealous man of all 'things in nature! A jealous man is 'my particular averſion! But, however, 'no matter what the play is, you know, 'Ma'am, ſo we do but ſee it; for the 'pleaſure of a play is to ſhew one's ſelf 'in the boxes, and ſee the company, and 'all that!—Yes, Ma'am, this here is 'the ſort of ribbands I want; only, if 'you pleaſe to let me ſee ſome of a paler 'blue.'

While the milliner was taking down ſome freſh ban-boxes, the young lady turning round, happened to ſpy Pompey in a corner of the ſhop. 'O heavens!' cries ſhe, as ſoon as ſhe caſt her eyes upon him, 'what a delightful little dog 'is there!—Pray, dear Mrs. Pincuſhion, 'do tell me how long you have been in 'poſſeſſion of that charming little beau-'ty?' Mrs. Pincuſhion replied, that he had been in her poſſeſſion about a week, and was given her by a lady of celebrated beauty, whom ſhe had the honour of ſerving. 'Well, if I am not amazed to 'think how ſhe could part with him!' cries the young lady. 'Sure, Ma'am, 'ſhe muſt be a woman of no manner 'of taſte in the world, for I never ſaw 'any thing ſo charmingly handſome 'ſince the hour I was born! Pray, dear 'Mrs. Pincuſhion, what is his name?'

Being informed that he was called Pompey, ſhe ſnatched him up in her arms, kiſſed him with great tranſport, and poured forth the following torrent of nonſenſe upon him. 'O you ſweet 'little Pompey!—you moſt delight-'ful little Pompey!—you dear heavenly 'jewel!—you moſt charming little per-'roquet! I will kiſs you, you little 'beauty!—I will—I will—I'll kiſs you, 'and hug you, and kiſs you to death!' Then turning again to the milliner—'Dear Mrs. Pincuſhion,' added ſhe, 'you muſt give me leave to carry him 'up-ſtairs, to ſhew him to papa and 'mamma; for in all my days I never 'beheld ſo divine a creature!' Being now ſerved with her blue ribbands, and having received the milliner's conſent to her requeſt, ſhe flew up-ſtairs, in all imaginable haſte, with the dog in her arms. But before we relate the reception ſhe met with, let us prepare the reader with a ſhort deſcription of her parents.

Sir Thomas Frippery, the father of this young lady, had formerly enjoyed a little poſt in Queen Anne's court, which entitled him to a knighthood in conſequence of his office, though the ſalary of it was very inconſiderable, and by no means equal to the grandeur he affected. On the death of the queen he loſt this employment, and was obliged to retire into the country; where he gave himſelf the airs of a miniſter of ſtate, ſet up for an oracle of politicks, and endeavoured to perſuade his country neighbours that he had been very intimate with Lord Oxford, and very deep in the tranſactions of thoſe times.

The ſame ridiculous vanity purſued him through every article of his life; and though his eſtate was known hardly to amount to three hundred pounds a year, he laboured to make people believe that it exceeded as many thouſands. For this purpoſe, whatever he was obliged to do out of frugality, he was ſure to put off with a pretence of taſte, and always diſguiſed his œconomy under the maſque of faſhion and the mode. For inſtance,

when

when he laid down his coach, he boasted every where how much better it was to hire job-horses, as occasion required, than to run the hazard of accidents by keeping them; that coachmen were such villainous rascals, it was impossible to put any confidence in them; that going into dirty stables to overlook their management, and treading up to one's knees in horse-dung, was extremely disagreeable to people of fashion; and therefore, for his part, he had laid down his coach to avoid the trouble and anxiety of keeping horses.

When his country neighbours dined with him, whose ignorance he thought he could impose on, he would give them alder-wine, and swear it was hermitage, call a gammon of bacon a Bayonne ham, and put off the commonest home-made cheese for the best Parmasan that ever came into England; which, he said, had been sent him as a present by a young nobleman of his acquaintance then on his travels.

About once in three years he brought his wife and family to town, which served for matter of conversation to them during the two intermediate years that were spent in the country; and they looked forward to the winter of pleasure with as much rapture and expectation as the Rev. Mr. Wh——n, and some other christians, do to their millennium.

During the time of his residence in London, Sir Thomas every morning attended the levees of ministers, to beg the restitution of his old place, or an appointment to a new one; which, he said, he would receive with the most grateful acknowledgments, and discharge in any manner they should please to prescribe. Yet whether it was that his majesty's ministers were insensible of his merits, or could find no place suited to his abilities, the unhappy knight profited little by his court-attendance, and might as well have saved himself the expence of a triennial journey to London.

But though these expeditions did not increase his fortune, they added much to his vanity; and he returned into the country new-laden with stories to amuse his ignorant neighbours. He talked of his old friend, my good lord, with the greatest familiarity, and related conversations that had passed at the Duke of ——'s table, with as much circumstance and particularity as if he had been present at them.

The last article of vanity we shall mention, were his cloaths; which gives the finishing stroke to his character: for he chose rather to wear the rags of old finery, which had been made up in the reign of Queen Anne, than to submit to plain cloaths of a modern make and fashion. He fancied the poor people in his neighbourhood were to be awed with the sight of tarnished lace; and wherever he went, the gold-fringe fell from his person so plentifully, that you might at any time trace his footsteps by the relicks of finery which he left behind him.

Lady Frippery, his accomplished spouse, did not fall short of her husband in any of these perfections, but rather improved them with new graces of her own: for having been something of a beauty in her youth, she still retained all the scornful airs, and languishing disdain, which she had formerly practised to her dying lovers.

They had one only daughter, who having been educated all her life at home under her parents, was now become a master-piece of folly, vanity, and impertinence. She had not one gesture or motion that was natural; her mouth never opened without some ridiculous grimace; her voice had learnt a tone and accent foreign to itself; her eyes squinted with endeavouring to look alluring; and all her limbs were distorted with affectation. Yet she fancied herself so well-bred, genteel, and engaging, that it was impossible for any man to look on her without admiration, and was always talking about taste and the mode.

It happened now to be the London-winter with this amiable family; and they were crouded into scanty lodgings on a milliner's first floor, consisting only of a dining-room, a bed-chamber, and a closet. The dining-room was set apart for the reception of company, Sir Thomas and his lady took possession of the chamber, and Miss slept in a little tent-bed occasionally stuffed into the closet. Such was the family to whom our hero was now to be introduced.

There is nothing more droll and diverting than the morning-dresses of people, who, being exceedingly poor, and yet exceedingly proud, affect to make a great figure with a very little fortune. The expence they are at abroad, obliges them to double their frugality at home; and as their chief happiness consists in displaying themselves to the eye of the world,

world, conſequently when they are out of it's eye, nothing is too dirty or too ragged for them to wear. Now as nobody ever had the vanity of appearance more than the family we have been deſcribing, it will eaſily be believed that in their own private apartments, behind the ſcenes of the world, they did not appear to the greateſt advantage. And indeed there was ſomething ſo ſingularly odd in their dreſs and employments, at the moment our hero was preſented to them, that we cannot help endeavouring to ſet their image before the reader.

Sir Thomas was ſhaving himſelf before a looking-glaſs in his bed-chamber, habited in the rags of an old night gown, which about thirty years before had been red damaſk. All his face, and more than half his head, were covered with ſoap-ſuds; only on his crown hung a flimſy green ſilk night-cap made in the ſhape of a ſugar-loaf. He had on a very dirty night-ſhirt, richly tinctured with perſpiration, for he had ſlept in it a fortnight; and over this, a much dirtier ribbed dimitty waiſtcoat, which had not viſited the waſh-tub for a whole twelvemonth paſt. To finiſh his picture, he wore on his feet a pair of darned blue ſattin ſlippers, made out of the remnants of one of his wife's old petticoats.

So much for Sir Thomas. Cloſe by him ſat his lady combing her hoary locks before the ſame looking-glaſs, and dreſt in a ſhort bed-gown, which hardly reached down to her middle. A night-ſhift, which likewiſe had almoſt forgot the waſhing-tub, ſhrouded the hidden beauties of her perſon. She was without ſtays, without a hoop, without ruffles, and without any linen about her neck, to hide thoſe redundant charms, which age had a little embrowned.

This was their dreſs and attitude, when their daughter burſt into the room, and earneſtly called upon them to admire the beauties of a lap-dog. Her ſudden entrance alarming them with the expectation of ſome mighty matter, Sir Thomas, in turning haſtily round, had the misfortune to cut himſelf with his razor; which putting him in a paſſion, when he came to know the ridiculous occaſion of all this hurry—'Pox take the girl,' cries he; 'get away, child, and don't interrupt me 'with your lap-dogs. I am in a hurry 'here to go to court this morning, and 'you take up my time with ſilly tittle-tattle about a lap-dog. Do you 'ſee here, fooliſh girl? You have made 'me cut myſelf with your ridiculous 'nonſenſe. Get away I tell you! What 'a figure do you think I ſhall make at 'the levees with ſuch a ſcar upon my 'face?'

'Bleſs me, papa!' cries the young lady, 'I proteſt I am vaſtly ſorry for your 'misfortune, but I'm ſure you'll forgive, 'if you will but look on this delightful, 'heavenly little jewel of a dog.'

'D—mn your little jewel of a dog,' replies the knight; 'pr'ythee ſtand out 'of my way. I tell you I am in a hurry 'to go to court, and therefore pr'ythee 'don't trouble me with your whelps and 'your puppy-dogs.'

'O monſtrous! how can you call him 'ſuch cruel names?' cries the daughter. 'I am amazed at you, papa, for your "want of taſte." How can any living 'creature be ſo utterly void of TASTE, 'as not to admire ſuch a beautiful little 'monkey?—Do, dear mamma! look at 'him. I am ſure you muſt admire him, 'though papa is ſo ſhamefully blind, 'and ſo utterly void of all manner of 'taſte.'

'Why ſure, my dear, you are mad to-'day,' replied the mother; 'one would 'think you was abſolutely fuddled this 'morning. Taſte indeed! I declare 'you are void of all manner of under-'ſtanding, whatever your taſte may be, 'to interrupt us thus, when you ſee 'we are both in a hurry to be dreſt. 'Pr'ythee, girl! learn a little decency 'and good manners, before you pretend 'to talk of taſte.'

The young lady being reprimanded thus on both ſides, began to look extremely fooliſh, when a ſervant entered to inform them that Mr. Chace was in the dining-room. 'Ay, ay, go,' cries Sir Thomas, 'go and entertain him with 'your taſte, till I am able to wait on him: 'tell Mr. Chace I happen unfortunately 'to be dreſſing, but I'll be with him in 'a moment of time.'

Miſs Frippery, then, muttering ſome little ſcorn, hurried into the next room with the dog in her arms, to ſee if ſhe could not perſuade her lover, (for ſo he was) to diſcover more taſte than her parents. And here indeed ſhe had better ſucceſs; for this gentleman, who was a great ſportſman and fox-hunter, was conſequently a great connoiſſeur in dogs; he was likewiſe what is called 'a very 'pretty young fellow about town,' and

had a taſte ſo exactly correſpondent with that of the lady, that it is no wonder they agreed in the ſame objects of admiration. Here follows his character.

Mr. Chace, uſually called Jack Chace among his intimates, poſſeſſed an eſtate of fifteen hundred pounds a year; which was juſt ſufficient to furniſh him with a variety of riding-frocks, jockey-boots, Khevenhullar-hats, and coach-whips. His great ambition was to be deemed a 'jemmy fellow;' for which purpoſe, he appeared always in the morning in a Newmarket frock, decorated with a great number of green, red or blue capes; he wore a ſhort bob wig, neat buck's-ſkin breeches, white ſilk ſtockings, and carried a cane ſwitch in his hand. He kept a phæton chaiſe, and four 'bay cattle:' a ſtable of hunters, and a pack of hounds in the country. The reputation of being a coachman, and driving a ſet of horſes with ſkill, or in his own phraſe, 'doing his 'buſineſs clean,' he eſteemed the greateſt character in human life, and thought himſelf ſeated on the very pinnacle of glory, when he was mounted up in a high chaiſe at a horſe-race. Newmarket had not more active ſpirit, where he was frequently his own jockey, and boaſted always as a ſingular accompliſhment, that he did not ride above eight ſtone and a half. Though he was a little man, and not very healthy in his conſtitution, he deſired to be thought capable of the greateſt fatigue, and was always laying wagers of the vaſt journies he could perform in a day. He had likewiſe an ambition to be eſteemed a man of conſummate debauch, and endeavoured to perſuade you, that he never went to bed without firſt drinking three or four bottles of claret, lying with as many wh—res, and knocking down as many watchmen. In the mornings he attended Mr. Broughton's amphitheatres, and in the evenings, (if he was drunk in time, which indeed he ſeldom failed to be) he came behind the ſcenes of the play-houſe, in the middle of the third act, and there heroically expoſed himſelf to the hiſſes of the galleries. Whenever he met you, he began conſtantly with deſcribing his laſt night's debauch, or related the arrival of a new wh—re upon the town, or entertained you with the exploits of his bay cattle: and if you declined converſing with him on theſe three illuſtrious ſubjects, he ſwore you was a fellow of no ſoul or genius, and ever afterwards ſhunned your company. Having a hunting ſeat in the neighbourhood of Sir Thomas Frippery, he often viſited in the family of that worthy knight, and at laſt made propoſals of marriage to the young lady; which were favourably enough received, as well by her as her parents; who, it muſt be confeſſed, had a very laudable regard for Mr. Chace's eſtate.

To this jemmy young gentleman, who was now ſeated in Sir Thomas's dining-room, Miſs Frippery came running with the dog in her arms, and much ſparkling converſation paſſed between them, which perhaps might not be unentertaining, if we were able to relate it; but as it turned wholly upon polite taſte in dreſs, and the mode, we confeſs ourſelves unequal to ſo difficult and delicate a taſk.

CHAP. V.

A DESCRIPTION OF A DRUM.

WE ſhall then paſs over this converſation in the morning, and another of equal brilliancy in the evening at the play of 'Othellor Whore of Venus,' being in haſte to deſcribe an event, which engroſſed the attention of this accompliſhed family for a fortnight, and was matter of converſation to them for a year afterwards.

Lady Frippery, in imitation of other ladies of rank and quality, was ambitious of having a drum; though the ſmallneſs of her lodgings might well have excuſed her from attempting that modiſh piece of vanity.

A drum is at preſent the higheſt object of female vain-glory; the end whereof is to aſſemble as large a mob of quality as can poſſibly be contained in one houſe; and great are the honours paid to that lady who can boaſt of the largeſt crowd. For this purpoſe, a woman of ſuperior rank calculates how many people all the rooms in her houſe laid open can poſſibly hold, and then ſends about two months before hand among the people one knows, to beſpeak ſuch a number as ſhe thinks will fill them. Hence great emulations ariſe among them, and the candidates for this honour ſue as eagerly for viſitors, as candidates for parliament do for votes at an election: for as it ſometimes happens that two ladies pitch upon the ſame evening for raiſing a riot, it is neceſſary they ſhould beat up in time for volunteers; otherwiſe they may chance to be defrauded of their numbers, and one of them lie under the

the ignominy of collecting a mob of a hundred only, while the other has the honour of aſſembling a well-dreſt rabble of three or four hundred; which of courſe breaks the heart of that unfortunate lady, who comes off with this immortal diſgrace.

Now as the actions of people of quality are ſure of being copied, hence it comes to paſs that ladies of inferior rank, reſolving to be in faſhion, take upon them likewiſe to have drums in imitation of their ſuperiors: only there is this difference between the two orders, that the higher call nothing but a crowd a drum, whereas the lower often give that name to the commoneſt parties, and for the ſake of honour call an ordinary viſit an aſſembly.

This was the caſe with Lady Frippery; her acquaintance in town was very ſmall, and it ſeemed improbable that ſhe could aſſemble above a dozen people at moſt; without making any allowance for colds, head-achs, vapours, hyſterick fits, fevers upon the ſpirits, and other female indiſpoſitions; yet ſtill ſhe reſolved to have a drum, and the young lady ſeconded her mamma's inclinations ſo vehemently, that Sir Thomas was obliged to comply.

From the moment this great event was reſolved on, all their converſations turned upon it, and it was pleaſant to hear the ſchemes and contrivances they had about it. Their firſt and principal care was to ſecure Lady Bab Frightful, the chief of Lady Frippery's acquaintance, whoſe name was to give a luſtre to the aſſembly. Now Lady Bab being one of the quality, it was poſſible ſhe might have a previous engagement, unleſs ſhe was taken in time; and therefore a card was diſpatched to her in the firſt place, to beſpeak her for ſuch an evening; and it was reſolved, that if any croſs accident prevented her coming, new meaſures ſhould be taken, and the drum be deferred till another night. Lady Bab returned for anſwer, that ſhe would wait on Lady Frippery, if her health permitted. This dubious kind of meſſage puzzled them in the ſtrangeſt manner, and was worſe than a denial; for without Lady Bab it was impoſſible to proceed, without Lady Bab the aſſembly would make no figure; and yet they were obliged to run the hazard of her not coming, in conſequence of her anſwer. Every day, therefore, they ſent to enquire after her health, and their hopes roſe or fell according to the word that was brought them; till on the day before the drum was to be held, a moſt calamitous piece of news arrived, that Lady Bab *was diſabled by her ſurgeon*, who in cutting her toe-nail, had made an inciſion in her fleſh; yet ſtill ſhe promiſed to be with them, *if it was poſſible for her to hobble abroad*. No language can deſcribe the damp which this fatal meſſage ſtruck into the whole family; but they were obliged to ſubmit with patience, and as a glimpſe of hope ſtill remained, they had nothing left but to put up their prayers for Lady Bab's recovery.

At length the important evening arrived, that was to decide all their expectations and fears. Many conſultations had been held every day, and almoſt every hour of the day, that things might be perfect and in order, when the time came: yet notwithſtanding all their precautions, a diſpute aroſe almoſt at the laſt moment, *whether Lady Frippery was to receive her company at the top or bottom of the ſtairs*. This momentous queſtion begat a warm debate. Her ladyſhip and Miſs contended reſolutely for the top of the ſtairs, Sir Thomas for the bottom, and Mr. Chace, who was preſent, obſerved a neutrality. At length, after a long altercation, the knight was obliged to ſubmit to a majority of voices; though not without condemning his wife and daughter for want of politeneſs. 'My dear,' ſaid he, (taking a pinch of ſnuff with great vehemence) 'I am amazed that 'you can be guilty of ſuch a ſoleciſm in 'breeding: it ſurprizes me, that you are 'not ſenſible of the impropriety of it. 'Will it not ſhew much greater reſpect 'and complaiſance to meet your company 'at the bottom of the ſtairs, than to ſtand 'like an Indian queen receiving homage 'at the top of them?'—'Yes, my dear!' anſwered her ladyſhip; 'but you know 'my territories do not commence till the 'top of the ſtairs; our territories do not 'begin below ſtairs; and it would be 'very improper for me to go out of my 'own dominions. Don't you ſee that, 'my dear? I am ſurprized at your want 'of comprehenſion to-day, Sir Thomas.' —'Well, well, I have given it up,' anſwered he; 'have your own way, child; 'have your own way, my lady, and then 'you'll be pleaſed, I hope. But I am 'ſure, in my days, people would have 'met their company at the bottom of the 'ſtairs. When I and Lord Oxford were 'in the miniſtry together, affairs would

'have been very different. But the age 'has loſt all it's civility, and people are 'not half ſo well-bred as they were for-'merly.'

This reflection on modern times piqued the daughter's vanity, who now began to play her part in the debate. 'Yes, papa,' ſaid ſhe; 'but what ſignifies what people 'did formerly? That is nothing at all to 'us at preſent, you know; for to be ſure 'all people were fools formerly: I al-'ways think people were fools in former 'days. They never did any thing as 'we do now-a-days, and therefore it 'ſtands to reaſon they were all fools and 'idiots. 'Tis very manifeſt they had no 'breeding; and all the world muſt allow, 'that the world never was ſo wiſe, and 'polite, and ſenſible, and clever, as it is 'at this moment; and, for my part, I 'would not have lived in former days for 'all the world.'—'Pugh!' ſaid the knight, interrupting her, 'you are a little 'illiterate monkey; you talk without 'book, child! the world is nothing to 'what it was in my days. Every thing is 'altered for the worſe. The women are 'not near ſo handſome. None of you are 'comparable to your mothers.'—'Nay, 'there,' ſaid Lady Frippery, interpoſing, 'there, Sir Thomas, I entirely agree 'with you. There you have my conſent, 'with all my heart. To be ſure, all the 'celebrated girls about town are mere 'dowdies, in compariſon of their mo-'thers; and if there could be a reſurrec-'tion of beauties, they would ſhine only 'like Briſtol ſtones in the company of 'diamonds.'—'Bleſs me, mamma!' cried the young lady, with the tears ſtand-ing in her eyes, 'how can you talk ſo? 'There never were ſo many fine women 'in the whole world, as there are now 'in London; and 'tis enough to make 'one burſt out a crying, to hear you 'talk.—Come, Mr. Chace, why don't 'you ſtand up for us modern beauties?'

In the midſt of this converſation, there was a violent rap at the ſtreet-door; where-upon they all flew to the window, cry-ing out eagerly—'There—there is Lady 'Bab! I am ſure 'tis Lady Bab; for I 'know her footman's rap.' Yet, in ſpite of this knowledge, Lady Bab did not ar-rive according to their hopes; and it ſeemed as if her ladyſhip had laid a ſcheme to keep them in ſuſpenſe; for of all the people who compoſed this illuſtrious aſ-ſembly, Lady Bab came the laſt. They took care, however, to inform the com-pany from time to time, that ſhe was ex-pected, by making the ſame obſervation on the arrival of every freſh coach, and ſtill perſiſting, that they knew her foot-man's rap, though they had given ſo many proofs to the contrary. At length, how-ever, Lady Bab Frightful came; and it is impoſſible to expreſs the joy they felt on her appearance; which revived them on a ſudden from the depth of deſpair to the higheſt exaltation of happineſs.

Her ladyſhip's great-toe engroſſed the converſation for the firſt hour, whoſe miſ-fortune was lamented in very pathetick terms by all the company, and many wiſe reflections were made upon the accident which had happened; ſome condemning the ignorance, and others the careleſſneſs of the ſurgeon, who had been guilty of ſuch a treſpaſs on her ladyſhip's fleſh. Some adviſed her to be very careful how ſhe walked upon it; others recommended a larger ſhoe to her ladyſhip; and Lady Frippery, in particular, continued the whole evening to proteſt the vaſt obliga-tions ſhe had to her, for favouring her with her company under ſuch an affliction. But had I an hundred hands, and as many pens, it would be impoſſible to deſcribe the folly of that night: wherefore, begging the reader to ſupply it by the help of his own imagination, I proceed to other parts of this hiſtory.

CHAP. VI.

IN WHICH SEVERAL THINGS ARE TOUCHED UPON.

WHEN this great affair was over, the marriage came next upon the carpet; the celebration of which was fixed for Eaſter week; but Mr. Chace recol-lecting in time that it would interfere with Newmarket races, procured a reprieve till the week following. At his return from thoſe Olympick games, the nuptials were celebrated before a general aſſembly of their relations, and the happy couple were conducted to bed in publick, with great demonſtrations of joy. The bride-groom took poſſeſſion of the bride, and Sir Thomas took poſſeſſion of Mr. Chace's eſtate.

When they had ſhewn their new cloaths a little in London, they ſet out in a body for the country; and in a few days after-wards, the lodgings on the firſt floor were taken by a lady who paſſed under the fictitious

fictitious name of Mrs. Caryl. The haſty manner in which ſhe made her agreement, infuſed a ſuſpicion into our milliner from the very beginning; and many circumſtances ſoon concurred to perſuade her, that her new lodger was a wife eloped from her huſband. For beſides that ſhe came into her lodgings late in the evening, ſhe ſeemed to affect a privacy in all her actions, which plainly evidenced, that ſhe was afraid of ſome diſcovery; and this increaſed our milliner's curioſity in proportion as the other ſeemed leſs inclined to gratify it. But an event ſoon happened to confirm her conjectures; for three days after the lady's arrival, a chair ſtopped at the door one evening near ten o'clock, from whence alighted a well-dreſt man about forty years old, who wrapping himſelf up in a red cloak, proceeded haſtily up ſtairs, as if deſirous to conceal himſelf from obſervation. This adventure ſavoured ſo ſtrongly of intrigue, that it was no wonder our milliner contrived to meet him in the paſſage, to ſatisfy her curioſity with a ſurvey of his features; for people, in whom that paſſion predominates, often find the greateſt conſolation from knowing the ſmalleſt trifles. Pompey was ſtill more inquiſitive than his miſtreſs, and took courage to follow the gentleman into the dining-room, with a deſire, I ſuppoſe, of hearing what paſſed in ſo faſhionable an interview.

The lady roſe from her chair to receive this man of faſhion, who ſaluted her with great complaiſance, and hoped ſhe was pleaſed with her new apartments. 'Yes,' 'my lord,' anſwered ſhe, 'the people are 'civilized people enough, and I believe 'have no ſuſpicion about me. But did 'they ſee your lordſhip come up ſtairs?' —'Pon my honour, Madam,' ſaid the peer, 'I can't tell; there was a female 'figure glided by me in the paſſage; but 'whether the creature made remarks or 'not, I did not ſtay to obſerve. Well, 'Madam, I hope now I may give you 'joy of your eſcape, and I dare ſay you 'will find yourſelf much happier than 'you was under the ill-uſage of a tyrant 'you deſpiſed.' The lady then related with great pleaſantry, the manner of her eſcape, and the difficulties that attended the execution of it; after which ſhe concluded with ſaying—'I wonder, my 'lord, what my huſband is now thinking 'on?'—'Thinking on!' anſwered the peer; 'that he's a fool and a blockhead, 'I hope, Madam, and deſerves to be 'hanged for abuſing the charms of ſo 'divine a creature. Good God! was it 'poſſible for him to harbour an ill-'natured thought, while he had the plea-'ſure of looking on that angelick face?' —'My lord,' ſaid the lady, 'I know I 'have taken a very ill ſtep in the eye of 'the world; but I have too much ſpirit 'to bear ill-uſage with patience; and let 'the conſequences be what they will, I 'am determined to ſubmit to them, ra-'ther than be a ſlave to the ill-humours of 'a man I deſpiſed, hated, and deteſted.' —'Forbear,' Madam,' ſaid his lordſhip, 'to think of him; my fortune, my in-'tereſt, my ſword, are all devoted to 'your ſervice, and I am ready to execute 'any command you pleaſe to impoſe 'upon me. But let us call a more agree-'able topick of converſation.'

Soon after this a light but elegant ſupper was placed upon the table, and the ſervants were ordered to retire; for there are certain ſeaſons when even the great deſire to baniſh oſtentation. The abſent huſband furniſhed them with much raillery, and they pictured to themſelves continually the ſurprize he would be in when firſt he diſcovered his wife's elopement; nor did this man of gallantry and faſhion finiſh his amorous viſit till paſt two o'clock in the morning. As he was going down ſtairs, he found himſelf again encountered by the barking of little Pompey, whom he ſnatched up in his arms, and getting haſtily into the chair, that waited for him at the door, carried him off with him to his own houſe.

This accompliſhed perſon was Lord Marmazet, huſband to that lady who was ſo familiar and intimate with the ſharper at Bath. He was a man of conſummate intrigue, a moſt fortunate adventurer with the fair-ſex, and had the reputation of uncommon ſucceſs in his amours. What made this ſucceſs the more extraordinary was, that in perſonal charms he had nothing to boaſt of: nature had given him neither a face or figure to ſtrike the eyes of women; but theſe deficiencies were abundantly recompenſed by a moſt happy turn of wit, a very brilliant imagination, and extenſive knowledge of the world. He had the moſt inſinuating manner of addreſs, the readieſt flow of language, and a certain art of laughing women out of their virtue which few could imitate. It was indeed ſcarce poſſible to withſtand the allurements of his converſation; and, what

what is odd enough, the number of affairs he had been concerned in were so far from frightening ladies from his acquaintance, that, on the contrary, it was fashionable and modish to cultivate an intimacy with him. They knew the danger of putting themselves in his way, and yet were ambitious of giving him opportunities.

The lady we have just now seen with him, had been his neighbour in the country; a very handsome woman under the tyranny of an ill-natured husband. This his lordship knew; and concluding that her aversion to her husband would make her an easy prey to her lover, watched every opportunity of being alone with her. In these stolen interviews he employed all his eloquence to seduce her, and won upon her so much by his flattering representation of things, that at length she courageously eloped from her tyrant, and put herself into private lodgings under the protection of his lordship. The reader need not be told that this ended in the utter ruin of the lady, who finding her reputation lost, and her passionate lover soon growing indifferent, took refuge in citron waters, and, by the help of those cordial lenitives of sorrow, soon bade adieu to the world and all it's cares.

CHAP. VII.

MATRIMONIAL AMUSEMENTS.

WHEN our hero waked the next morning, and found himself in new apartments, the first thing he did was to piss on a pair of velvet breeches which lay in a chair by his lordship's bedside; after which, the door being open, he travelled forth, and performed a much more disreputable action on a rich Turkey carpet in my lady's dining-room. Having thus taken possession of his new house by these two acts of *seisin*, he returned to the bedside, and reposed himself again to sleep till his lord should please to be stirring.

About ten o'clock Lord Marmazet raised himself up in his bed, and rang his bell for servants to assist him in the fatigue of putting on his cloaths. The valet in chief immediately attended, undrew the curtains, and respectfully enquired his master's pleasure. In answer to which his lordship signifying that he would get up, Guillaume folded his stockings, placed his slippers by the bed-side, and was going to present him with his breeches, when lo! the crime our hero had been guilty of stared him full in the face, and gave such an air of surprize to his features, that his lordship could not help asking what was the matter. Guillaume then related the misdemeanor, at which his master was so far from being angry, that he only laughed at the astonishment of his valet, and calling the dog upon the bed, caressed him with as much tenderness as if he had performed the most meritorious action in the world. Then turning again to his servant—'What does the booby stare at,' cries he, 'with such amazement? I wish to 'G—d the dog had pissed in thy mouth. 'Pr'ythee get a fresh pair of breeches, 'and let me rise—or am I to lie a-bed 'till midnight?'

As soon as he was dressed in his morning dishabille, he went down stairs to breakfast; in which our hero bore him company, and had the honour of eating roll and butter in great magnificence. When breakfast was over, he recollected that it might now be time to send up compliments to his lady, which he generally performed every morning; and imagining that she would not be displeased with the present of so pretty a dog—'Here, Guillaume,' said he, 'take 'this little dog, and carry him up stairs 'to your lady. My compliments, and 'desire to know how her ladyship does 'this morning. Tell her I found him '—pox take him, I don't know where 'I found him! but he is a pretty little 'fellow, and I am sure she must be 'pleased with him.'

Though the reader must from hence conclude that Lord and Lady Marmazet reposed themselves in different beds at night, he will not, I imagine, be surprized at such a circumstance in this accomplished and fashionable age. Her ladyship was a woman of great wit, pleasure, and amour, as well as her husband, only with a little more reserve and caution, to save appearances with the world. Her familiarity with a sharper at Bath, may have already given the reader some little sketch of her character; and, for the the rest it will be only necessary to inform him that she had spent the greatest part of her life in St. James's parish. Her husband had married her without the temptation of love, because she was a rich

a rich heireſs to a noble family; and ſhe had conſented to the match with an equal indifference, only becauſe it preſerved her rank and ſtation in the world. In conſequence, they ſoon grew totally unconcerned about each other; but then, being both of eaſy chearful tempers, their indifference did not four into hatred; on the contrary, they made it a topick of wit, when they met, to rally one another on their mutual amours. Theſe meetings, indeed, were not very frequent, once or twice a week, perhaps, at dinner, at which times they behaved with the utmoſt politeneſs and complaiſance; or, if they raillied, it was done with ſo much gaiety and good-humour, that they only parted with the greater ſpirits to their evening amuſements. In ſhort, his lordſhip purſued his pleaſures without any domeſtick expoſtulations; and her ladyſhip, in return, was permitted to live in all reſpects, as Juvenal expreſſes it, *tanquam vicina mariti*, more like her huſband's neighbour than his wife.

Her ladyſhip was now juſt awake, and taking her morning tea in bed, when Guillaume aſcended the ſtairs, and knocked at her chamber-door. The waiting-gentlewoman being ordered out to ſee who it was, returned immediately to the bed-ſide with a dog in her arms, and delivered the meſſage that accompanied him. As her ladyſhip had never in her life diſcovered any fondneſs for theſe four-footed animals, ſhe could not conceive the meaning of ſuch a preſent, and, with ſome diſdain in her countenance, ordered the fellow to carry back his puppies again to his maſter. But when the ſervant was gone down ſtairs, bethinking herſelf that there might be ſome joke in it which ſhe did not perceive, and reſolving not to be out-done by her huſband in wit, ſhe aſked her maid eagerly if there was any ſuch thing as a cat in the houſe. 'A cat, my lady!' cries the waiting gentlewoman; 'yes, my lady, I believe 'there is ſuch a thing to be found.'— 'Well, then,' ſaid her ladyſhip, 'go and 'catch it directly, and carry it with my 'compliments to his lordſhip. Let him 'know I am infinitely obliged to him 'for his preſent, and have ſent him a cat 'in return for his dog.'

The maid ſimpered without offering to ſtir, as not indeed conceiving her miſtreſs to be in earneſt; but having the orders repeated to her, ſhe ſet out immediately to fulfil them. After much laughter below ſtairs among the ſervants, a cat at length was catched, and the waiting-maid went with it in her arms to his lordſhip's dreſſing-room. Having rapped at the door, and being ordered to enter, with a face half bluſhing and half ſmiling, ſhe delivered her meſſage in the following terms. 'My lady deſires her 'compliments to your lordſhip, and begs 'the favour of you to accept of THIS 'in return for your dog.' After which, dropping the grave mouſer on the floor, ſhe was preparing to run away with all haſte, being ready to burſt with laughter; but his lordſhip, who was no leſs diverted, called her back, and having entertained himſelf with many jokes on the occaſion, ſent her up ſtairs with a freſh meſſage to her miſtreſs. This was immediately returned on the part of her ladyſhip, and many little pieces of raillery were carried backwards and forwards, which perhaps might not be unentertaining; but as we are ſenſible with what contempt theſe little incidents will be received by the reader, if he happens to be a judge, a politician, or an alderman, we ſhall dwell no longer on them, and here put an end to the chapter.

CHAP. VIII.

DESCRIBING THE MISERIES OF A GARRETEER POET.

NOT long after this, as Lord Marmazet was ſitting in his ſtudy, reading ſome papers of ſtate, with our hero under his chair, Guillaume entered the room, and informed him that Mr. Rhymer the poet was below. 'Curſe 'Mr. Rhymer the poet, and you too, 'for an egregious blockhead!' cries his lordſhip. 'Why the devil did you let the 'fellow in? Tell him his laſt political 'pamphlet is execrable nonſenſe, and 'unintelligible jargon, and I am not at 'leiſure to ſee him this morning.'— 'My lord,' replied the valet, 'he begged me to preſent his humble duty to 'your lordſhip, and to inform you, that 'a ſmall gratuity would be very acceptable at preſent; for it ſeems his wife 'is ready to lie-in, and he ſays he has 'not ſixpence to defray the expences of 'her groaning.'—'How!' cries his lordſhip, 'has that ſe low the impudence to 'beget children? The dog pretends here 'to be ſtarving, and yet has the aſſurance

'to

'to deal in procreation.—Pr'ythee, 'Guillaume, what ſort of a woman is 'his wife? Have you ever ſeen her?'—'Yes, my lord,' anſwered the truſty valet, 'I have had the honour of ſeeing 'the lady; but I am afraid ſhe would 'have no great temptations for your 'lordſhip; for the poor gentlewoman 'has the misfortune to ſquint a little, 'which does not give a very bewitching 'air to her countenance; beſides which, 'ſhe has the accompliſhment of red hair 'into the bargain.'—'Well, then,' cries the peer, 'turn the hound out of doors, 'and bid him go to the devil. Pox 'take him! if he had a handſome wife 'I might be tempted to encourage him a 'little; but how can he expect my fa-'vour without doing any thing to de-'ſerve it?'—'Then your lordſhip won't 'be pleaſed to ſend him a ſmall acknow-'ledgment,' ſaid the valet de chambre. 'No,' replied the peer; 'I have no mo-'ney to fling away on poets and hack-'ney writers; let the fellow eat his own 'works, if he is hungry.—Hold!—'ſtay!—I have thought better of it—'Here, Guillaume, take this little dog, 'ſince my wife won't have him, and 'carry him to the poet. My ſervice to 'the gentleman, and deſire him to keep 'him for my ſake.'

Guillaume was a man of ſome little humour, which had promoted him to the dignity of firſt pimp in ordinary to his lordſhip, and perceiving that his maſter had a mind to divert himſelf this morning with the miſeries of an unhappy poet, he reſolved that the joke ſhould not be loſt in paſſing through his hands. Taking the dog therefore from his lordſhip, he made haſte down ſtairs, and accoſted the expecting bard in the following manner. 'Sir, his lordſhip is very buſy 'this morning, and not at leiſure to ſee 'you; but he ſpeaks very kindly of you, 'and begs you would do him the favour 'to accept of this beautiful little Bo-'logna lap-dog.'—'Accept of a lap-'dog!' cried the poet with aſtoniſhment; 'bleſs me! what is the matter? Surely 'there muſt be ſome miſtake, Mr. Guil-'laume! for I cannot readily conceive 'of what uſe a Bologna lap-dog can be 'to me.'—'Sir,' replied the valet de chambre, 'you may depend upon it 'his lordſhip had ſome reaſon for mak-'ing you this preſent, which it does not 'become us to gueſs at.'—'No,' ſaid the bard, 'I would not preſume to dive 'into his lordſhip's councils; but really 'now, Mr. Guillaume, a few guineas 'in preſent caſh would be rather more 'ſerviceable than this Bologna lap-dog, 'and more comfortable to my poor wife 'and children.'—'Sir,' ſaid the valet, 'you muſt not diſtruſt his lordſhip's 'generoſity; great ſtateſmen, Mr. Rhym-'er, always do things in a different 'manner from the reſt of the world; 'there is uſually ſomething a little my-'ſterious in their conduct: but aſſure 'yourſelf, Sir, this dog will be the fore-'runner of a handſome annuity, and it 'would be the greateſt affront imagina-'ble not to receive him. You muſt ne-'ver refuſe any thing which the great 'eſteem a favour, Mr. Rhymer, on any 'account; even though it ſhould involve 'you and your family in everlaſting 'ruin. His lordſhip deſired that you 'would keep the dog for his ſake, Sir; 'and therefore you may be ſure he has 'a particular regard for you, when he 'ſends you ſuch a memorial of his af-'fection.'

The unhappy poet, finding he could extort nothing from the unfeeling hands of his patron, was obliged to retire with the dog under his arms, and climbed up in a diſconſolate mood to his garret, where he found his wife cooking the ſcrag end of a neck of mutton for dinner. The manſions of this ſon of Apollo were very contracted, and one would have thought it impoſſible for one ſingle room to have ſerved ſo many domeſtick purpoſes; but good houſewifery finds no difficulties, and penury has a thouſand inventions which are unknown to eaſe and wealth. In one corner of theſe poetical apartments ſtood a flock-bed, and underneath it a green jordan preſented itſelf to the eye, which had collected the nocturnal urine of the whole family, conſiſting of Mr. Rhymer, his wife, and two daughters. Three rotten chairs and a half ſeemed to ſtand like traps in various parts of the room, threatening downfals to unwary ſtrangers; and one ſolitary table in the middle of this aerial garret, ſerved to hold the different treaſures of the whole family. There were now lying upon it the firſt act of a comedy, a pair of yellow ſtays, two political pamphlets, a plate of bread and butter, three dirty night-caps, and a volume of miſcellany poems. The lady of the houſe was drowning a neck of mutton, as we before obſerved, in

meagre

Corbould del. Walker sculp.

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Plate II. Published as the Act directs, by Harrison & Co. Aug. 31. 1785.

meagre ſoup, and the two daughters ſat in the window mending their father's brown ſtockings with blue worſted. Such were the manſions of Mr. Rhymer the poet, which I heartily recommend to the repeated peruſal of thoſe unhappy gentlemen who feel in themſelves a growing inclination to that miſchievous, damnable, and deſtructive ſcience.

As ſoon as Mr. Rhymer entered the chamber, his wife deſerted her cookery to enquire the ſucceſs of his viſit, on which the comforts of her lying-in ſo much depended; and ſeeing a dog under her huſband's arm—'Bleſs me, my 'dear!' ſaid ſhe, 'why do you bring 'home that filthy creature to eat up our 'victuals? Thank heaven, we have 'got more mouths already than we can 'ſatisfy, and I am ſure we want no addition to our family.'—'Why, my 'dear,' anſwered the poet, 'his lordſhip 'did me the favour to preſent me this 'morning with this beautiful little Bologna lap-dog.'—'Preſent you with a 'lap-dog!' cried the wife, interrupting him, 'what is it you mean, Mr. *Rhymer?*—But, however, I am glad his 'lordſhip was in ſo bountiful a humour, 'for I am ſure then he has given you a 'purſe of guineas to maintain the dog. 'Well, I vow it was a very genteel 'way of making a preſent, and I ſhall 'love the little fool for his maſter's 'ſake. Great men do things with ſo 'much addreſs always, that one is tranſported as much with their politeneſs 'as their generoſity.' Here the unhappy bard ſhook his head, and ſoon undeceived his wife, by informing her of all that had paſſed in his morning's viſit. 'How!' ſaid ſhe, 'no money with the 'dog? Mr. *Rhymer*, I am amazed that 'you will ſubmit to ſuch uſage. Don't 'you ſee that they make a fool, and an 'aſs, and a laughing-ſtock, of you? 'I'll have his brains daſhed out this moment! Mr. *Rhymer*, if you had kept 'on your tallow-chandler's ſhop, I and 'mine ſhould have had wherewithal to 'live; but you muſt court the draggle-tail muſes forſooth, and a fine proviſion they have made for you!—Here I 'expect to be brought to-bed every day, 'and you have not money to buy pap 'and caudle.—O curſe your lords and 'your political pamphlets! I am ſure I 'have reaſon to repent the day that ever 'I married a poet.'—'Madam,' ſaid Rhymer, exaſperated at his wife's converſation, 'you ought rather to bleſs the 'day that married you to a gentleman 'whoſe ſoul deſpiſes mechanical trades, 'and is devoted to the nobleſt ſcience in 'the univerſe. Poetry, Madam, like 'virtue, is it's own reward: but you 'have a vulgar notion of things, you 'have an illiberal attachment to money; 'and had rather be frying greaſe in a 'tallow-chandler's ſhop, than liſtening to the divine rhapſodies of the Heliconian maids. 'Tis true, Madam, 'his lordſhip has not recompenſed my 'labours according to expectation this 'morning: but what of that? he bid me 'proceed in the execution of my deſign; and undoubtedly means to reward me. Lords are often deſtitute of 'caſh as well as poets; and perhaps I came upon him a little unſeaſonably, 'when his coffers were empty: but I 'auſpicate great things from his preſent 'of a dog—A dog, Madam, is the emblem of fidelity.'—'The emblem of a 'fiddle-ſtick!' cried his wife, interrupting him; 'I tell you, Mr. Rhymer, 'you are a fool, and have ruined your 'family by your ſenſeleſs whims and 'projects. A gentleman, quotha! Yes, 'forſcoth, a very fine gentleman truly, 'that has hardly a ſhirt to his back, or 'a pair of ſhoes to his feet. Look at 'your daughters there in the window, 'and ſee whether they appear like a 'gentleman's daughters; and, for my 'part, I have not an under-petticoat 'that I can wear. You have had three 'plays damned, Mr. Rhymer; and one 'would think that might have taught 'you a little prudence: but, deuce fetch 'me, if you ſhall write any more! for 'I'll burn all this nonſenſe that lies upon 'the table.' So ſaying, ſhe flew like a Bacchanal fury at his works, and with ſavage hands was going to commit them to the flames, had ſhe not been interrupted by her huſband's voice, crying out with impatience—'See, ſee, ſee, my 'dear! the pot boils over, and the broth 'is all running away into the fire!' This luckily put an end to their altercation, and poſtponed the ſacrifice that was going to be made; they then ſat down to dinner without a table-cloth, and made a wretched meal, envying one another every morſel that eſcaped their own mouths. And 'tis highly probable poor Pompey would ſoon have fallen a ſacri-

fice to hunger, and been ſerved up at Mr. Rhymer's poetical table, had not an accident luckily happened, to relieve him from this ſcene of miſery, ſquallidneſs, and poeſy.

CHAP. IX.

A POETICAL FEAST, AND SQUABBLE OF AUTHORS.

AFTER dinner was over, Mr. Rhymer ſat himſelf down to an epic poem, which was then on the anvil; and his head not being clouded with any fumes of indigeſtion, he worked at it very laboriouſly till eight or nine o'clock in the evening. Then he took his hat, and went out to meet a club of authors, who aſſembled every Monday night at a little dirty dog-hole of a tavern in Shire Lane, to eat tripe, drink porter, and paſs their judgments on the books of the preceding week. Pompey waited on his maſter; for as Mrs. Rhymer had reſolutely vowed his deſtruction, the good-natured bard did not chuſe to leave him at her mercy.

On their arrival in the club-room, they found there aſſembled a free-thinking writer of moral eſſays, a no-thinking ſcribbler of magazines, a Scotch tranſlator of Greek and Latin authors, a Grub Street bookſeller, and a Fleet parſon. Theſe worthy gentlemen immediately ſurrounded Mr. Rhymer with great vociferation, and began to curſe him for ſtaying ſo long, declaring it would be entirely his fault if the tripe was ſpoiled, which they very much feared. To prevent which, however, they now ordered it to be ſerved up with all poſſible expedition, and on it's appearance fell to work with the quickeſt diſpatch. The reader will believe that little or no converſation paſſed among them at table, their mouths being much too buſily employed to have any leiſure for diſcourſe; but when the tripe was quite conſumed, and innumerable ſlices of toaſted cheeſe at the end of it, they then began to exerciſe their tongues as readily as they had before done their teeth.

By odd luck, every one of theſe great advancers of modern literature happened to have a dog attending him; and as the gentlemen drew round the fire after ſupper in a ring, the dogs likewiſe made an interior ſemicircle, ſitting between the legs of their reſpective maſters. This could not eſcape the obſervation of the company, and many trite reflections began to be made on their fidelity, their attachment to man, and above all, on the felicity of their condition; for a dog ſleeping before a fire, is by all people eſteemed an emblem of compleat happineſs. At length they ſtruck into a higher converſation. 'Gentlemen!' ſays the free-thinker, 'I ſhould be glad to hear your ſentiments 'concerning reaſon and inſtinct. I have 'a curious treatiſe now by me, which 'I deſign very ſoon to aſtoniſh the world 'with. 'Tis upon a ſubject perfectly 'new, and thoſe dogs there put me in 'the head of it. The clergy I know will 'be up in arms againſt me, but no matter; I'll publiſh my opinions in ſpite of 'all the prieſts in Europe.'

Here the Fleet parſon, thinking himſelf concerned, took his pipe from his mouth with great deliberation, and ſaid—'I don't know what your opinions may 'be, but I hope you don't deſign to publiſh any thing to the diſadvantage of 'that ſacred order to which I belong: if 'you do, Sir, I believe you will find pens 'enough ready to anſwer you.'

'Yes, Sir, no doubt I ſhall,' replied the free-thinker; 'and who cares for that? 'Perhaps you, Sir, may do me the honour to be my antagoniſt: but I defy 'you all; I defy the whole body of the 'prieſthood. Sir, I love to advance a paradox; I love a paradox at my heart, 'Sir; and I'll—I'll ſhew you ſome ſport 'very ſhortly.'

'What do you mean by ſport, Sir?' cries the doctor. 'If you write as you 'talk, I hope you'll be ſet in the pillory 'for your ſport.'

'You are bloody complaiſant, Sir,' returned the free-thinker; 'but I'd have 'you to know we are not come to ſuch 'a paſs yet in this country, as to perſecute people for ſearching after truth. 'You prieſts, I know, would be glad to 'keep us all in ignorance; but the age 'won't be prieſt-ridden any longer. 'There is a noble ſpirit and freedom of 'enquiry now ſubſiſting in the nation; 'people are determined to canvaſs things 'freely, and go to the bottom of all ſubjects, without regarding baſe prejudices 'of education. The ſhops abound with a 'number of fine treatiſes written every 'day againſt religion, to the honour and 'glory of the nation.'

'To it's ſhame and damnation rather,' cries

cries the Fleet parſon. 'But what is your 'paradox, Sir?'

'Why this is my paradox, Sir,' replied the free-thinker: 'I undertake to 'prove that brutes think, and have intellectual faculties. That perhaps 'you'll ſay is no novelty, becauſe many 'others have aſſerted the ſame thing before me: but I go farther, Sir; and 'maintain that they are reaſonable creatures, and moral agents.'

'And I will maintain that they are mere 'machines,' cries the parſon, 'againſt 'you, and all the atheiſts in the world. 'Sir, you may be aſhamed to proſtitute 'the noble faculty of reaſon to the beaſts 'of the field.'

'Don't tell me of reaſon,' ſaid the free-thinker; 'I don't care one halfpenny for 'reaſon. What is reaſon, Sir?'

'What is reaſon, Sir?' refumed the doctor; 'why reaſon, Sir, is a moſt noble 'faculty of the ſoul, the nobleſt of all 'the faculties, It diſcerns and abſtracts, 'and compares and compounds, and all 'that.'

'And roaſts eggs too, does it not? 'you forget one of it's noble faculties,' cries the other: 'but I will maintain 'that brutes are capable of reaſon, and 'they have given manifeſt proofs of it. 'Did you never hear of Mr. Locke's 'parrot, Sir, that held a very rational 'converſation with Prince Maurice for 'half an hour together? What ſay you 'to that, Sir?'

'By my faith, gentlemen,' ſaid the Scotch tranſlator, interrupting them, 'upon my word you are got here into a 'very deep myſterious queſtion, which I 'do not very well underſtand what to 'make of; but by my faith I have always 'thought brutes to have ſomething particular in their intellectual faculties of 'their ſouls, ever ſince I read what d'ye-'call um there—The Roman hiſtorian; 'for why? you know he tells us how 'the geeſe diſcovered to the Romans that 'the Gauls were coming to plunder the 'Capitol. Now by my ſaul, they muſt 'have been a d—mn'd ſenſible flock of 'geeſe, and very great lovers of their 'country too, which let me tell you is 'the greateſt virtue under heaven. Beſides, doth not Homer teach us, that 'Ulyſſes's dog Argus knew his old maſter at his return home, after he had 'been abſent ten or twelve years at the 'ſiege of Troy? Now, by Jove, he was a 'plaguy cunning dog, and had a de-'viliſh good memory, otherwiſe he could 'not have remembered his old chrony ſo 'long.'

Before the Scotchman had finiſhed his ſpeech, the two other diſputants, whoſe ſpirits were kindled with controverſy, reſumed their argument, and fell upon one another again with ſo much impetuoſity, that no voices could be heard but their own. The ſcene which now enſued conſiſted chiefly of noiſe and ſcolding, equal to any thing that paſſes among the orators at Robin Hood's ale-houſe. In ſhort, there was not a ſcurrilous term in the Engliſh language, which was not vented on this occaſion; till at length, the Fleet parſon, heated with rage and beer, flung his pipe at his antagoniſt, and was proceeding to blows, had he not been reſtrained by the reſt of the company. The feſtivity of the evening being by this means deſtroyed, the club ſoon afterwards broke up, and the ſeveral members of it retired to their ſeveral garrets.

As Mr. Rhymer was walking home in a penſive ſolitary mood, wrapped up in contemplation on the ſtars of heaven, and perhaps forgetting for a few moments that he had but three-pence halfpenny in his pocket, two young gentlemen of the town, who were upon the hunt after amorous game, followed cloſe at his heels. They quickly ſmoaked him for a queer fiſh, as the phraſe is, and began to hope for ſome diverſion at his expence. The moon now ſhone very bright; and Mr. Rhymer, whoſe eyes were fixed with rapture on that glorious luminary, began to apoſtrophize her in ſome poetical ſtrains from Milton, which he repeated with great emphaſis aloud. In the midſt of this, the two gentlemen broke out into a profuſe fit of laughter, at which the bard turned round in ſurprize; but ſoon recovering himſelf, he caſt a moſt contemptuous look at them for their ignorance and want of taſte. However, as the chain of ideas in his mind was by this means diſturbed, he thought it moſt adviſeable to make the beſt of his way home, and for that purpoſe called Pompey to follow him. Pompey indeed made many efforts, and ſeemed deſirous to obey; but in vain the poet called, in vain the dog endeavoured to follow; and it was a long while before Mr. Rhymer, whoſe thoughts were a little muddled with contemplation and porter, found out that the two gentlemen had tied a hand-

kerchief round his neck. He then ſtopped to demand his property, but finding himſelf pretty roughly handled, he began to think his own perſon in danger. Taking to his heels therefore, he ran away with the utmoſt precipitation, and left his dog behind him; who on his part was not at all ſorry to be delivered from ſuch a maſter.

CHAP. X.

OUR HERO GOES TO THE UNIVERSITY OF CAMBRIDGE.

FROM the ſtreet, where this fray happened, our hero was introduced to a bagnio, where the two young gentlemen, his new maſters, ſpent their night in the delights of love; and the next morning he ſet out with one of them for the univerſity of Cambridge.

The young Cantab, who now took poſſeſſion of him, had come up to London upon a ſcheme, as it is called, to treat himſelf with a maſquerade and other diverſions of the town: for being a gentleman of a lively, enterprizing temper, he could not brook the dull reſtraints of a collegiate life, and ſeldom reſided there above three or four days at a time.

He had received the firſt part of his education at Weſtminſter ſchool, where he had acquired what is uſually called 'a very pretty knowledge of the town;' that is to ſay, had been introduced, at the age of thirteen, into the moſt noted bagnios, was acquainted with the moſt celebrated women of pleaſure, and could drink his two bottles of claret in an evening, without being greatly diſordered in his underſtanding. At the age of ſeventeen, it was judged proper for him, merely out of faſhion, and to be like other young gentlemen of his acquaintance, to take lodgings at an univerſity; whither he went with a hearty contempt of the place, and a determined reſolution never to receive any profit from it.

He had been admitted under a tutor, who knew no more of the world than if he had been bred up in a foreſt, and whoſe ſour pedantick genius was ill qualified to cope with the vivacity and ſpirit of a young gentleman, warm in the purſuit of pleaſure, and one who required much addreſs, and very artful management, to make any kind of reſtraint palatable and eaſy to him.

He had been admitted in the rank of a fellow-commoner, which, according to the definition given by a member of the univerſity in a court of juſtice, is one who ſits at the ſame table, and enjoys the converſation of the fellows. It differs from what is called a gentleman-commoner at Oxford, not only in the name, but alſo in the greater privileges and licences indulged to the members of this order; who do not only 'enjoy the converſation of the 'fellows,' but likewiſe a full liberty of following their own imaginations in every thing. For as tutors and governors of colleges have uſually pretty ſagacious noſes after preferment, they think it impolitick to croſs the inclinations of young gentlemen who are heirs to great eſtates, and from whom they expect benefices and dignities hereafter, as rewards for their 'want of care of them,' while they were under their protection. From hence it comes to paſs, that pupils of this rank are excuſed from all publick exerciſes, and allowed to abſent themſelves at pleaſure from the private lectures in their tutors' rooms, as often as they have made a party for hunting, or an engagement at the tenuis-court, or are not well recovered from their evening's debauch. And whilſt a poor unhappy ſoph, of no fortune, is often expelled for the moſt trifling offences, or merely to humour the capricious reſentment of his tutor, who happens to diſlike his face; young noblemen, and heirs of great eſtates, may commit any illegalities, and, if they pleaſe, overturn a college with impunity.

There is nothing ſo wild and ungovernable as a boy juſt broke looſe from ſchool, and taking his firſt flight of liberty at an univerſity. This is the caſe with thoſe who have been bred up at private ſchools under ſome reſtraint: but as to Pompey's maſter, his ſchool-education had ſet him very forward in the world, and he came to Cambridge much riper than other people leave it. From the firſt moment he diſtinguiſhed himſelf for his intrepid ſpirit, and was quickly choſen captain-general by his comrades, in all their parties of pleaſure and expeditions of jollity. Many pranks are recorded of his performing, which made the place reſound with his name; but one of his exploits being attended with circumſtances of a very droll nature, we cannot forbear relating it.

There was, in the ſame college, a young maſter of arts, Williams by name, who had

had been elected into the ſociety, in preference to one of greater genius and learning, becauſe he uſed to make a lower bow to the fellows, whenever he paſſed by them, and was not likely to diſgrace any of his ſeniors by the ſuperiority of his parts. This gentleman concluding now there was no farther occaſion of ſtudy, after he had obtained a fellowſhip, which had long been the object of his ambition, gave himſelf over to purſuits more agreeable to his temper, and ſpent the chief of his time in drinking tea with barbers' daughters, and other young ladies of faſhion in the univerſity, who there take to themſelves the name of Miſſes, and receive amorous gownſmen at their ruelles. For nothing more is neceſſary to accompliſh a young lady at Cambridge than a ſecond-hand capuchin, a white waſhing-gown, a pair of dirty ſilk-ſhoes, and long muſlin ruffles; in which dreſs they take the air in the publick-walks every Sunday, to make conqueſts, and receive their admirers all the reſt of the week at their tea-tables. Now Williams, having a great deal of dangling good-nature about him, was very ſucceſsful in winning the affections of theſe academical miſſes, and had a large acquaintance among them. The three Miſs Higgins's, whoſe mother kept the Sun Tavern; Miſs Polly Jackſon, a baker's daughter; the celebrated Fanny Hill, ſole heireſs of a taylor; and Miſs Jenny of the coffee-houſe; were all great admirers of our college-gallant; and Fame reported, that he had admiſſion to ſome of their bed-chambers, as well as to their tea-tables. Upon this preſumption, our young fellow-commoner laid his head together with other young gentlemen, his comrades, to play him a trick, which we now proceed to diſcloſe.

About this time, a bed-maker of the college was unfortunately brought to-bed, without having any huſband to father the child; and as our maſter of arts was ſuſpected, among others, to have had a ſhare in the generation of the new-born infant, being a gentleman of an amorous nature, it occured to our fellow-commoner to make the following experiment upon him.

As Mr. Williams was coming out of his chamber one morning early to go to chapel, he found a baſket ſtanding at his door, on the top of his ſtair-caſe, with a direction to himſelf, and a letter tied to the handle of the baſket. He ſtood ſome little time gueſſing from whom ſuch a preſent could come; but as he had expected a parcel from London by the coach for a week before, he naturally concluded this to be the ſame, and that it had been brought by a porter from the inn, and left at his door before he was awake in the morning. With this thought he opened the letter, and read to the following effect.

'HONOURABLE SIR,

'AM ſurprized ſhould uſe me in ſuch 'a manner; have never ſeen one 'farthing of your money ſince was 'brought to-bed, which is a ſhame, and 'a wicked ſin. Wherefore have ſent you 'your own baſtard to provide for; and 'am your dutiful ſarvant to command, 'tell death,

'BETTY TROLLOP.'

The aſtoniſhment which ſeized our maſter of arts at the peruſal of this letter may eaſily be imagined, but not ſo eaſily deſcribed; he turned pale, ſtaggered, and looked like Banquo's ghoſt in the play: but as his conſcience excuſed him from the crime laid to his charge, he reſolved, as ſoon as his confuſion would ſuffer him to reſolve, to make a publick example of the wretch that had dared to lay her iniquities at his door. To this end, as ſoon as chapel was over, he deſired the maſter of the college to convene all the fellows in the common-room; for, he ſaid, he had an affair of great conſequence to lay before them. When the reverend divan was met according to his deſire, he produced the baſket, and with an audible voice read the letter which had been annexed to it: after which, he made a long oration on the unparalleled impudence of the harlot who had attempted to ſcandalize him in this audacious manner; and concluded with deſiring the moſt exemplary puniſhment might be inflicted on her; for, he ſaid, unleſs they diſcouraged ſuch a piece of villainy with proper ſeverity, it might hereafter be their own lots, if they were remiſs in puniſhing the preſent offender. They all heard him with great aſtoniſhment, and many of them ſeemed to rejoice inwardly that the baſket had not travelled to their doors; as thinking, perhaps, it would have been unfatherly and unnatural to have

have refuſed it admittance. At length, it was ordered to be unpacked; which was performed by the butler of the college, in preſence of the whole fraternity; when lo! inſtead of a child puling and crying for it's father, out leaped Pompey, the little hero of this little hiſtory; who had been incloſed in that oſier confinement by his young maſter, and conveyed very early in the morning to Mr. Williams's chamber-door. The grave aſſembly were aſtoniſhed and enraged at the diſcovery, finding themſelves convened only to be ridiculed; and all of them gazed on our hero with the ſame kind of aſpect, as did the daughters of Cecrops on the deformed Erichthonius, when their curioſity tempted them to peep into the baſket which Minerva had put into their hands with poſitive commands to the contrary.

CHAP. XI.

ADVENTURES AT CAMBRIDGE.

WILLIAMS, though much aſhamed and out of countenance, was yet in his heart very glad to be relieved from the apprehenſions of maintaining a baſtard, which he imagined would add no great luſtre to his reputation as fellow of a college. When, therefore, Pompey eſcaped out of his wicker-priſon, he was in reality pleaſed with the diſcovery, which put an end to his fears, and feigning himſelf diverted with the thing, took the little dog home to his own chambers.

This was an adventure of the comick kind, attended with no ill conſequences to our hero: but we now proceed to relate one of a very tragick nature indeed, which Fortune ſeems to have reſerved in ſtore, as the utmoſt ſtretch of her malice, to compleat the miſeries of his unhappy life.

There flouriſhed in this college, or rather was beginning to flouriſh, a young phyſician, who now ſtood candidate for fame and practice. He had equipped himſelf with a gilt-headed cane, a black ſuit of cloaths, a wiſe myſterious face, a full-bottomed flowing peruke, and all other externals of his profeſſion: ſo that if, according to the inimitable Swift, the various members of a common-wealth are only ſo many different ſuits of cloaths, this gentleman was amply qualified for the diſcharge of his office. But not chuſing to rely totally on his dreſs to introduce him into buſineſs, he was willing to add to it a ſupplimental, and, as many think, ſuperfluous knowledge of his art.

About this time, a member of the univerſity died in great torments of the iliack paſſion, and ſome peculiarities in his caſe made a noiſe among the faculty of Cambridge. The theory of this terrible diſorder, cauſed by the ceſſation of the periſtaltick motion of the guts, our young doctor very well underſtood: but not contenting himſelf with theory only, he reſolved to go a ſtep farther; and for this purpoſe caſt his eyes about after ſome dog, intending to diſſect him alive for the ſatisfaction of his curioſity.

A dog might have been the emblematick animal of Eſculapius or Apollo, with as much propriety as he was of Mercury; for no creatures, I believe, have been of more eminent ſervice to the healing tribe than dogs. Incredible is the number of theſe animals who have been ſacrificed, from time to time, at the ſhrines of phyſick and ſurgery. Lectures of anatomy ſubſiſt by their deſtruction: Ward (ſays Mr. Pope) tried his drop on puppies and the poor; and, in general, all new medicines and experiments of a doubtful nature are ſure to be made in the firſt place on the bodies of theſe unfortunate animals. Their very ordure is one of the chief articles of the Materia Medica; and I am perſuaded, if the old Egyptians had any phyſician among them, they certainly deſcribed him by the hieroglyphick of a dog.

But, not to ſpend too much time in theſe conjectures, our young doctor had no ſooner reſolved to ſatisfy himſelf concerning the periſtaltick motion of the guts, than unluckily, in an evil hour, Pompey preſented himſelf to his eye. More unluckily for him ſtill, neither his maſter Mr. Williams, nor any other of his college-friends, happened to be preſent, or within view, at this moment. Machaon, therefore, very boldly ſeized him as a victim, and conveyed him into a little dark place near his room, which he called his cellar, and in which he kept his wine. There he ſhut him up three or four days in the condemned-hole, while he prepared his chirurgical inſtruments, and invited ſome other young

practitioners

practitioners in physick of his acquaintance to be present at our hero's dissection.

The day being soon appointed for his death, the company assembled at their friend's room in the morning at breakfast, where much sapient discourse passed among them concerning the operation in hand, not material to be now related. At length cries the hero of the party—'Come, gentlemen! we seem, I think, 'to have finished our breakfasts; let us 'now proceed to business.' After which, the tea-things were removed, the instruments of dissection placed on the table, and the doctor went to his cellar to bring forth the unhappy victim.

And here, good-natured reader, I am sure it moves thy compassion to think that poor Pompey, after suffering already so many misfortunes, must at last be dissected alive to satisfy a physician concerning the peristaltick motion of the guts. The case would, indeed, be lamentable, if it had happened: but when the doctor came to call him forth to execution, to his great surprize, no dog was there to be found. He found, however, something else not entirely to his satisfaction; and that was, his wine streaming in great profusion about his cellar. The truth is, our hero, being grown desperate with hunger, had, in his struggles for liberty, broke all the bottles, and at last forcibly gnawed his way through a deal-board that composed one side of the cellar. The danger, however, which he had been in, made him sick of universities; and he wished earnestly for an accident, which soon happened, to relieve him from an academick life.

CHAP. XII.

THE CHARACTER OF A MASTER OF ARTS AT AN UNIVERSITY.

ABOUT this time, three ladies and a gentleman happened to be returning out of the north; and having never seen Cambridge, were inclined to make it in their way to London. The gentleman whom they had been visiting in the country, knowing this resolution, sent a letter before-hand to Mr. Williams, who had been his fellow-collegiate, in which he advertised him of the arrival of the party, and desired him to be assistant in shewing them the curiosities of Cambridge. And this gives us an opportunity of explaining some farther particulars in that gentleman's character, being not an uncommon one, I believe, in either of our universities.

If we were in a hurry to describe him, it might be done effectually in two or three words, by calling him a most egregious trifler; but as we have leisure to be a little more circumstantial, the reader shall be troubled with a day's journal of his actions.

Mr. Williams was, in the first place, a man of the most punctilious neatness; his shoes were always blacked in the nicest manner, his wigs were powdered with the exactest delicacy, and he would scold his laundress for a whole morning together, if he discovered a wry plait in the sleeve of his shirt, or the least speck of dirt on any part of his linen. He rose constantly to chapel, and proceeded afterwards, with great importance, to breakfast, which, moderately speaking, took up two hours of his morning. When this was over, he amused himself either in paring his nails; or watering two or three orange-trees, which he kept in his chamber; or in tilling a little spot of ground, about six feet square, which he called his garden; or in changing the situation of the few books in his study. The Spectators were removed into the place of the Tatlers, and the Tatlers into the place of the Spectators. But, generally speaking, he drew on his boots immediately after breakfast, and rode out for the air, having been told that a sedentary life is destructive of the constitution, and that too much study impairs the health. At his return home, he had barely time to wash his hands, clean his teeth, and put on a fresh-powdered wig, before the college-bell summoned him to dinner in the publick-hall. His afternoons were spent in drinking tea with the young ladies above-mentioned, who all esteemed him a prodigious genius, and were ready to laugh at his wit before he opened his mouth. In these agreeable visits he remained till the time of evening-chapel; after which, supper succeeded to find him fresh employment; from whence he repaired to the coffee-house, and then to some engagement at a friend's room, for the remaining part of the evening. By this account of his day's transactions, the reader will see how very impossible it was for him to find

find leiſure for ſtudy, in the midſt of ſo many important avocations; yet, notwithſtanding this great variety of buſineſs, he made a ſhift ſometimes to play half a tune on the German-flute in a morning; and once in a quarter of a year took the pains to tranſcribble a ſermon out of various authors.

Another part of his character was a great affectation of politeneſs, which is more pretended to in univerſities, where leſs of it is practiſed than in any other part of the kingdom. Thus Mr. Williams was always talking of genteel life; to which end he was plentifully provided with ſtories by a female couſin, who kept a milliner's-ſhop in London, and never failed to let him know, by letters, what paſſed among the great; though ſhe frequently miſtook the names of people, and attributed ſcandal to one lord, which was the property of another. Her couſin, however, did not find out the miſtakes, but retailed her blunders about the colleges with great confidence and ſecurity.

But nothing pleaſed him more than ſhewing the univerſity to ſtrangers, and eſpecially to ladies, which, he thought, gave him an air of acquaintance with the genteel world; and on ſuch occaſions he would affect to make expenſive entertainments, which neither his private fortune, or the income of his fellowſhip, could afford.

To this gentleman the party we have before ſpoken of was recommended; and he had lived in expectation of their coming for ſeveral days together, in conſequence of his friend's letter. At length they arrived, and ſent him a meſſage from their inn, deſiring the favour of his company at ſupper. This he no ſooner received, than he poſted away with all imaginable diſpatch, and, with many academical compliments, welcomed them to Cambridge. Nor did he depart to his college, till he had made them promiſe to dine with him at his chambers the ſucceeding day.

Early, then, the next morning, he roſe with the lark, and held a conſultation with the college-cook concerning the entertainment: for as he had never yet been honoured with company of ſo high a rank, he reſolved to do what was handſome, and ſend them away with an opinion of his politeneſs. Among many other devices he had to be genteel, one very well deſerves mentioning, being of a very academical nature indeed; for he was at the expence of purchaſing a China vaſe of a certain ſhape, which ſometimes paſſes under a more vulgar name, to ſet in his bed-chamber; that, if the ladies ſhould chuſe to retire after dinner for the ſake of looking at the pattern of his bed, or to ſee the proſpect out of his window, or from any other motive of curioſity, they might have the pleaſure of being ſerved in China.

When theſe affairs were ſettled, he dreſſed himſelf in his beſt array, and went to bid the ladies good-morrow. As ſoon as they had breakfaſted, he conducted them about the univerſity, and ſhewed them all the rarities of Cambridge. They obſerved, that ſuch a thing was very grand; that another thing was very neat; and that there were a great many books in the libraries, which they thought it impoſſible for any man to read through, though he was to live as long as Methuſelah.

When their curioſity was ſatisfied, and Williams had indulged every wiſh of vanity, in being ſeen to eſcort ladies about the univerſity, and to hand them out of their coach, they all retired to his chambers to dinner. Much converſation paſſed not worth recording; and when the cloth was taken away, little Pompey was produced on the table for the ladies to admire him. They were greatly ſtruck with his beauty; and one of them took courage to aſk him as a preſent; which the complaiſant maſter of arts, in his great civility, complied with, and immediately delivered him into the lady's hands. He likewiſe related the ſtory how he came into his poſſeſſion, which another perſon perhaps would have ſuppreſſed; but Williams was ſo tranſported with his company, that he was half out of his wits with joy; and his converſation was as ridiculous as his behaviour.

CHAP. XIII.

POMPEY RETURNS TO LONDON, AND OCCASIONS A REMARKABLE DISPUTE IN THE MALL.

ONCE more, then, our hero ſet out for the metropolis of Great Britain; and, after any eaſy journey of two days, arrived at a certain ſquare, where his miſtreſſes kept their court. To theſe ladies,

dies, not improperly, might be applied the queſtion which Archer aſks in the play—'Pray, which of you three is the old 'lady?' the mother being full as youthful and airy as the daughters, and the daughters almoſt as ancient as the mother.

Now as Fortune often diſpoſes things in the moſt whimſical and ſurprizing manner, ſo it happened, that one of his miſtreſſes took him with her one morning into St. James's Park, and ſet him down on his legs almoſt in the very ſame part of the Mall from whence he had formerly made his eſcape from Lady Tempeſt near eight years before, as is recorded in the firſt part of his hiſtory: Her ladyſhip was walking this morning for the air, and happened to paſs by almoſt at the very inſtant that the little adventurer was ſet on his legs to take his diverſion. She eſpied him in a moment, with great quickneſs of diſcernment; and immediately recollecting her old acquaintance, caught him up in her arms, and fell to kiſſing him with the higheſt extravagance of joy. His preſent owner perceiving this, and thinking only that the lady was pleaſed with the beauty of her dog, and had a mind to compliment him with a few kiſſes, paſſed on without interrupting her; but when ſhe ſaw her ladyſhip preparing to carry him out of the Mall in her arms, ſhe advanced haſtily towards her, and re-demanded her favourite in the following terms: 'Pray, 'Madam, what is your ladyſhip going 'to do with that dog?' Lady Tempeſt replied—'Nothing in the world, Ma-'dam, but take him home with me.'—'And pray, Madam, what right has 'your ladyſhip to take a dog that be-'longs to me?'—'None, my dear!' anſwered Lady Tempeſt: 'but I take him, 'child, becauſe he belongs to me.'—'Tis falſe!' ſaid the other lady; 'I 'aver it to be falſe! He was given me 'by a gentleman of Cambridge: and I 'inſiſt upon your ladyſhip's replacing 'him upon his legs, this individual mo-'ment!' To this Lady Tempeſt replied only with a ſneer, and was walking off with our hero; which ſo greatly aggravated the rage of her antagoniſt, that ſhe now loſt all patience, and began to exert herſelf in a much higher key. 'Ma-'dam," ſaid ſhe, 'I would have you to 'know, Madam, that I am not to be 'treated in this ſuperlative manner! 'Your ladyſhip may affect to ſneer, if 'you pleaſe, Madam, and ſhew a con-'tempt, Madam, which is more due to 'your own actions than to me, Madam; 'for, thank Heaven, I have ſome regard 'to decency in my actions!'—'Dear 'Miſs, don't be in a paſſion!' replied Lady Tempeſt; 'it will ſpoil your com-'plexion, child, and perhaps ruin your 'fortune! But will you be pleaſed to 'know, my dear, that I loſt this dog 'eight years ago in the Mall, and ad-'vertiſed him in all the newſpapers; 'though you, or your friend at Cam-'bridge, who did me the favour to ſteal 'him, were not ſo obliging as to reſtore 'him? And will you be pleaſed to know 'likewiſe, young lady, that I have a 'right to take my property wherever I 'find it?'—'Tis impoſſible!' cried the other lady; 'tis impoſſible to remember 'a dog after eight years abſence! I aver 'it to be impoſſible; and nothing ſhall 'perſuade me to believe it!'—'I proteſt, 'my dear,' anſwered Lady Tempeſt, 'I know not what ſort of a memory you 'may be bleſſed with; but, really, I can 'remember things of a much longer 'date; and, as a freſh inſtance of my 'memory, I think, my dear, I remem-'ber you repreſenting the character of a 'young lady for near theſe twenty years 'about town.'—'Madam,' returned the lady of inferior rank, now enflamed with the higheſt indignation, 'you may re-'member yourſelf, Madam, repreſenting 'a much worſe character, Madam, for 'a greater number of years. It would 'be well, Madam, if your memory was 'not altogether ſo good, Madam, unleſs 'your actions were better.'

The war of tongues now began to rage with the greateſt violence; and nothing was ſpared that wit could ſuggeſt on the one ſide, or malice on the other. The beaux, and belles, and witlings, who were walking that morning in the Mall, aſſembled round the combatants, at firſt out of curioſity, and for the ſake of entertainment; but they ſoon began to take ſides in the diſpute, till at length it became one univerſal ſcene of wrangle; and no cauſe in Weſtminſter Hall was ever more puzzled by the multitude of voices, all contending at once for the victory. At laſt, Lady Tempeſt ſcorning this ungenerous altercation, told her adverſary—'Well, Madam, if you pleaſe to ſcold 'for the publick diverſion, pray con-'tinue; but, for my part, I ſhall no 'longer make myſelf a ſpectacle of a

'mob!' And ſo ſaying, ſhe walked courageouſly off with little Pompey under her arm. It was impoſſible for her rival to prevent her; who likewiſe immediately after quitted the Mall, and flew home, ready to burſt with ſhame, ſpite, and indignation.

Lady Tempeſt had not been long at her toilette, before the following little ſcroll was brought to her; and ſhe was informed that a footman waited below in great hurry for an anſwer. The note was to this effect.

'MADAM,

'IF it was poſſible for me to wonder at 'any of your actions, I ſhould be 'aſtoniſhed at your behaviour of this 'morning. Reſtore my dog by the bearer 'of this letter, or, by the living G—d! 'I will immediately commence a proſe'cution againſt you in Chancery, and 'recover him by force of law.

'Yours ——.'

Lady Tempeſt, without any heſitation, returned the following anſwer.

'MADAM,

'I Have laughed moſt heartily at your 'ingenious epiſtle; and am prodi'gioufly diverted with your menaces of a 'law-ſuit. Pompey ſhall be ready to 'put in his anſwer, as ſoon as he hears 'your bill is filed againſt him in chan'cery. I am, dear Miſs, yours,

'TEMPEST.'

CHAP. XIV.

A TERRIBLE MISFORTUNE HAPPENS TO OUR HERO, WHICH BRINGS HIS HISTORY TO A CONCLUSION.

THIS letter enflamed the lady ſo much, that ſhe immediately ordered her coach, and drove away to Lincoln's Inn, to conſult her ſolicitor. She found him in his chambers ſurrounded with briefs, and haranguing to two gentlemen, who had made him arbitrator in a very important controverſy, concerning the dilapidations of a pig-ſtye. On the arrival of our lady, the man of law ſtarted from his chair, and conducted her with much civility to a ſettee which ſtood by his fire-ſide; then turning to his two clients, whom he thought he had already treated with a proper quantity of eloquence—'Well, gentlemen,' ſaid he, 'when your reſpective attornies 'have drawn up your ſeveral caſes, let 'them be ſent to me, and I'll give de'termination upon them with all poſſible 'diſpatch.' This ſpeech had the deſired effect in driving them away; and, as ſoon as they were gone, addreſſing himſelf with an affectation of much politeneſs to the miſtreſs of little Pompey, he began to enquire after the good lady her mother, and the good lady her ſiſter; but our heroine was ſo impatient to open her cauſe, that ſhe hardly allowed herſelf time to anſwer his queſtions before ſhe began in the following manner: 'Sir, I was walking this morning in 'the Mall, when a certain extraordinary 'lady, whoſe actions are always of a 'very extraordinary nature, was pleaſ'ed, in a moſt peculiar manner, to ſteal 'my lap-dog from me.'—'Steal your 'lap-dog from you, Madam!' ſaid the man of law; 'I proteſt, a very extraor'dinary tranſaction indeed! And pray, 'Madam, what could induce her to be 'guilty of ſuch a miſbehaviour?'—'Induce her!' cried the lady eagerly; 'Sir, 'ſhe wants no inducement to be guilty 'of any thing that is audacious and 'impudent. But, Sir, I deſire you 'would immediately commence a ſuit 'againſt her in Chancery, and puſh the 'affair on with all poſſible rapidity; for 'I am reſolved to recover the dog, if it 'coſts me ten thouſand pounds.' The counſellor ſmiled, and commended her reſolutions; but pauſed a little, and ſeemed puzzled at the novelty of the caſe. 'Madam,' ſaid he, 'undoubtedly your 'ladyſhip does right to aſſert your pro'perty; for we ſhould all ſoon be re'duced to a ſtate of nature, if there 'were no courts of law; and therefore 'your ladyſhip is highly to be applaud'ed. But there is ſomething very pe'culiar in the nature of dogs. There 'is no queſtion, Madam, but they are 'to be conſidered under the denomina'tion of property, and not to be deemed '*feræ naturæ*, things of no value, as 'ignorant people fooliſhly imagine. 'But I ſay, Madam, there is ſomething 'very peculiar in their nature, Madam; 'their prodigious attachment to man 'inclines them to follow any body that 'calls them; and that makes it ſo dif'ficult to fix a theft. Now, if a man 'calls a ſheep, or calls a cow, or calls a 'horſe, why he might call long enough 'before they would come, becauſe they

'are

'are not creatures of a following na-
'ture, and therefore our penal laws
'have made it felony with reſpect to
'thoſe animals: but dogs, Madam,
'have a ſtrange undiſtinguiſhed prone-
'neſs to run after people's heels.'—
'Lord bleſs me, Sir!' ſaid the lady,
ſomewhat angry at the orator's decla-
mation, 'what do you mean, Sir, by
'following people's heels? I do pro-
'teſt and aſſeverate, that ſhe took him
'up in her arms, and carried him away
'in defiance of me; and the whole Mall
'was witneſs of the theft.'—'Very
'well, Madam, very well,' replied the
counſellor: 'I was only ſtating the caſe
'fully on defendant's ſide, that you
'might have a comprehenſive view of
'the whole affair, before we come to
'unravel it all again, and ſhew the ad-
'vantages on the ſide of plaintiff. Now
'though a dog be of a following na-
'ture, as I obſerved, and may be ſome-
'times tempted, and ſeduced, and in-
'veigled away, in ſuch manner as
'makes it difficult—do you obſerve me
'—makes it difficult, I ſay, Madam,
'to fix a theft on the perſon ſeducing;
'yet, wherever property is diſcovered
'and claimed, if the poſſeſſor refuſes to
'reſtore it on demand—on demand I
'ſay, becauſe demand muſt be made—
'refuſes to reſtore it, on demand, to the
'proper, lawful owner, there an action
'lies; and, under this predicament, we
'ſhall recover our lap-dog.' The lady
ſeeming pleaſed with this harangue, the
orator continued in the following man-
ner: 'If, therefore, Madam, this lady—
'whoſoever ſhe is, A. or B. or any name
'ſerves our purpoſe—if, I ſay, this ex-
'traordinary lady, as your ladyſhip juſt
'now deſcribed her, took your dog be-
'fore witneſſes, and refuſed to reſtore
'it on demand, why then we have a
'lawful action, and ſhall recover da-
'mages. Pray, Madam, do you think
'you can ſwear to the identity of the
'dog, if he ſhould be produced in a court
'of juſtice?' The lady anſwered, Yes,
ſhe could ſwear to him amongſt a mil-
lion, for there never was ſo remarkable
a creature. 'And you firſt became
'poſſeſſed of him, you ſay, Madam, at
'the univerſity of Cambridge. Pray,
'Madam, will the gentleman who in-
'veſted you with him be ready to teſ-
'tify the donation?' She anſwered af-
firmatively. 'And pray, Madam, what
'is the colour of your dog?'—'Black
'and white, Sir.'—'A male or female,
'Madam?' To this the lady replied,
ſhe poſitively could not tell; whereupon
the counſellor, with a moſt ſapient aſpect,
declared he would ſearch his books for a
precedent, and wait on her, in a few
days, to receive her final determinations;
but adviſed her, in the mean while, to try
the effect of another letter upon her lady-
ſhip, and once more threaten her with a
proſecution. He then waited upon her
to her chariot, obſerved that it was a very
fine day, and promiſed to uſe his utmoſt
endeavours to reinſtate her in the poſſeſ-
ſion of her lap-dog.

This was the ſtate of a quarrel be-
tween two ladies for a dog; and it ſeemed
as if all the mouths of the law would
have opened on this important affair, (for
Lady Tempeſt continued obſtinate in
keeping him) had not a moſt unlucky
accident happened to baulk thoſe honour-
able gentlemen of their fees, and diſap-
point them of ſo hopeful a topick for
ſhewing their abilities. This unfor-
tunate ſtroke was nothing leſs than the
death of our hero, who was ſeized with
a violent phthiſick; and, after a week's
illneſs, departed this life on the ſecond of
June 1749, and was gathered to the lap-
dogs of antiquity.

From the moment that he fell ſick, his
miſtreſs ſpared no expence for his reco-
very, and had him attended by the moſt
eminent phyſicians of London; who, I
am afraid, rather haſtened than delayed
his exit, according to the immemorial
cuſtom of that right venerable fraternity.
The chamber-maids took it by turns to
ſit up with him every night during his
illneſs; and her ladyſhip was ſcarce ever
away from him in the day-time: but,
alas! his time was come, his hour-glaſs
was run out, and nothing could ſave him
from paying a viſit to the Plutonian re-
gions.

It is difficult to ſay, whether her lady-
ſhip's ſorrow now, or when ſhe formerly
loſt him in the Mall, moſt exceeded the
bounds of reaſon. He lay in ſtate three
days after his death; and her ladyſhip, at
firſt, took a reſolution of having him em-
balmed; but as her phyſicians informed
her the art was loſt, ſhe was obliged to
give over that chimerical project; other-
wiſe our poſterity might have ſeen him,
ſome centuries hence, erected in a pub-
lick library at an univerſity: and who

knows but ſome antiquary of profound erudition might have undertaken to prove, with quotations from a thouſand authors, that he was formerly the Egyptian Anubis?

However, though her ladyſhip could not be gratified in her deſires of embalming him, ſhe had him buried with great funeral ſolemnity in her garden, and erected over him an elegant marble monument, which was inſcribed with the following epitaph, by one of the greateſt elegiack poets of the preſent age.

King of the garden, blooming roſe!
Which ſprang ſt from Venus' heavenly woes,
When, weepi g for Adonis ſlain,
Her pearly tears bedew'd the plain;
Here now thy precious dews diſtil,
Now mourn a greater beauty's ill—
Ye lilies! hang your drooping head,
Ye myrtles, weep for Pompey dead.
Light lie the turf upon his breaſt,
Peace to his ſhade, and gentle reſt.

CHAP. XV.

THE CONCLUSION.

HAVING thus traced our hero to the fourteenth year of his age, which may be reckoned the threeſcore and ten of a lap-dog, nothing now remains but to draw his character, for the benefit and information of poſterity. In ſo doing we imitate the greateſt and moſt celebrated hiſtorians, Lord Clarendon, Dr. Middleton, and others; who, when they have put a period to the life of an eminent perſon, (and ſuch undoubtedly was our hero) finiſh all with a deſcription of his morals, his religion, and private character: nay, many biographers go ſo far, as to record the colour of their hero's complexion, the ſhade of his hair, the height of his ſtature, the manner of his diet, when he went to bed at night, at what hour he roſe in the morning, and other equally important particulars; which cannot fail to convey the greateſt ſatisfaction and improvement to their readers. Thus a certain painter, who obliged the world with a life of Milton, informs us, with an air of great importance, that he was a ſhort thick man; and then recollecting himſelf, informs us a ſecond time, upon maturer deliberation, that he was not a ſhort thick man, but if he had been a little ſhorter, and a little thicker, he would have been a ſhort thick man; which prodigious exactneſs, in an affair of ſuch conſequence, can never be ſufficiently applauded.

Now, as to the deſcription of our hero's perſon, for that we ſhall refer the reader to the Engravings which accompany this work, and proceed to his religion, his morals, his amours, &c. in conformity to the practice of other hiſtorians.

Let it be remembered, in the firſt place, to his credit, that he was a dog of the moſt courtly manners, ready to fetch and carry at the command of all his maſters, without ever conſidering the ſervice he was employed in, or the perſon from whom he received his direction. He would fawn likewiſe with the greateſt humility on people who treated him with contempt, and was always particularly officious in his zeal, whenever he expected a new collar, or ſtood candidate for a ribband with other dogs, who made up the retinue of the family.

Far be it from us to deny, that in the firſt part of his life, he gave himſelf an unlimited freedom in his amours, and was extravagantly licentious, not to ſay debauched, in his morals: but whoever conſiders that he was born in the houſe of an Italian courtezan, that he made the grand tour with a young gentleman of fortune, and afterwards lived near two years with a lady of quality, will have more reaſon to wonder that his morals were not entirely corrupted, than that they were a little tainted by the ill effect of ſuch dangerous examples.

As to religion, we muſt ingenuouſly confeſs that he had none; in which reſpect he had the honour to bear an exact reſemblance to all the well-bred people of the preſent age, who have long ſince diſcarded religion, as a needleſs and troubleſome invention, calculated only to make people wiſe, virtuous, and unfaſhionable; and whoever will be at the pains of peruſing the lives and actions of the great world, will find them, in all points, conformable to ſuch prodigious principles.

In politicks it is difficult to ſay whether he was a Whig or a Tory; for ſo great was his caution, that he never was heard on any occaſion to open his mouth on thoſe ſubjects: and therefore each of thoſe illuſtrious clans of men may be allowed to

lay

lay claim to him, unleſs perhaps they ſhould both concur, as is ſometimes the caſe, to deſpiſe him for obſerving a neutrality.

For the latter part of his life, his chief amuſement was to ſleep before the fire; and indolence grew upon him ſo much, as he advanced in age, that he ſeldom cared to be diſturbed in his ſlumbers, even to eat his meals: his eyes grew dim, his limbs failed him, his teeth dropped out of his head, and, at length, a phthiſick came very ſeaſonably to relieve him from the pains and calamities of long life.

Thus periſhed little Pompey, or Pompey the Little; leaving his diſconſolate miſtreſs to bemoan his fate, and me to write his eventful hiſtory.

FINIS.